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Vol. 2 #1

H* Highball



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Art by Mitch O'Connell

**GOOD
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GONE BAD



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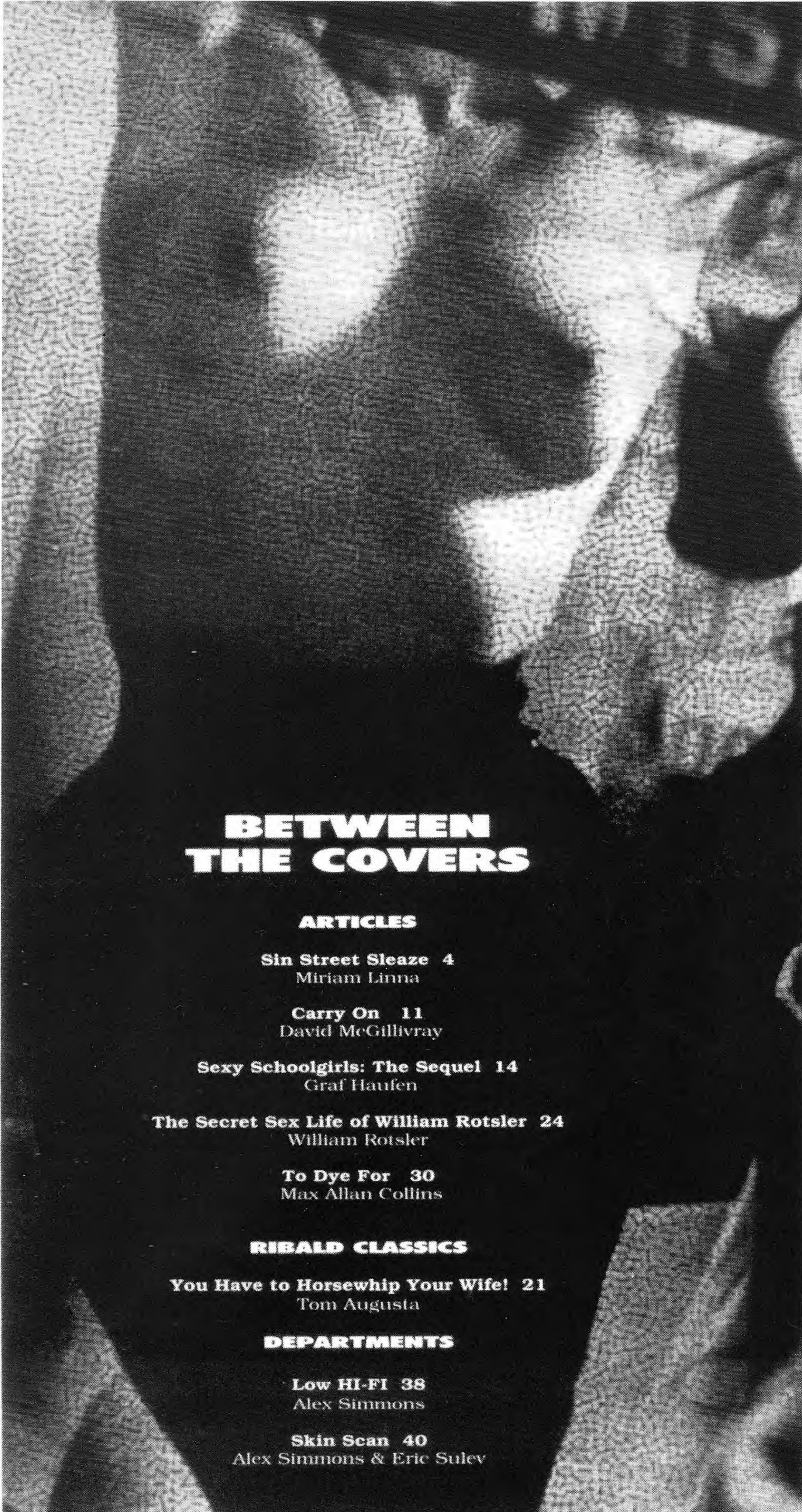
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SIN STREET SLEAZE



BY MARIAN LINNA

As fate, numerology, and bizarre coincidence would have it, adult paperbacks made the first major impact in my life in the summer of '69. I spent a lot of time at my best friend Cathy's house, since her forward-thinking mom let her paint her bedroom walls and ceiling black and that was about as wild as life gets in the pre-teen boondock hinterlands of northeast Ohio. Cathy was head-over-heels crazy about witchcraft, scaring the life out of neighboring farmers who spotted her sauntering the mile-and-a-half to my house, her long black hair flapping over an ankle-length cape. Magic marker pentagrams regularly appeared on her arms and legs, and when some goofy hippie band called Coven made a record, my pal Cathy was the first twelve-year-old in Ashtabula County to own it. Looking back, I see Cathy as my own personal Squeaky Fromme. I love her for it. Her mom was a secretary, and her stepdad was a truck driver.

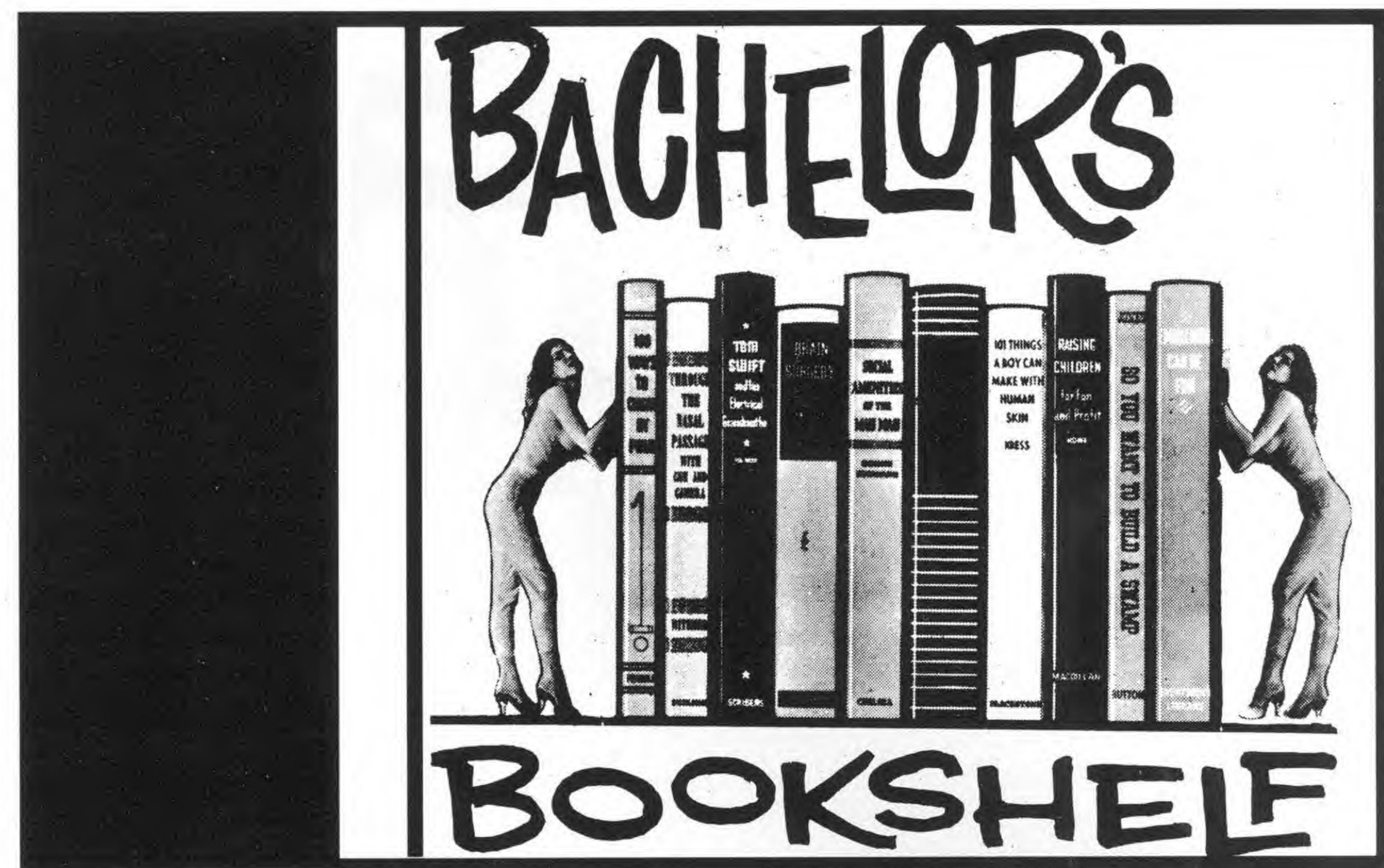
One day that significant summer, Cathy and I had been out casing a supposedly haunted shack in the woods near her house, arguing about what day we were going to make her dad take us to the county fair where lots of reasonable-looking guys were going to be showing their beloved pigs, goats, and cows. It occurred to me that Cathy was probably more interested in viewing the possible animal sacrifices than in the dull-as-dirt farmboys who'd be parading about with their cloven-hoofed fauna. The debate continued to the top of her driveway, where her dad's big green Mack truck was parked. He'd apparently taken the Caddie into town, so Cathy suggested we go sit in the generally verboten cab of the truck for laughs. We climbed up and got the doors open, settling into the big vinyl seats and having the kind of mental-midget fun that boondock-bred ding-a-lings have, she at the wheel, speeding down an imaginary highway to some fabulous witch-fest and me doing what I do best, which is snoop. Under the seat was this open box of paperback books with the dirtiest covers I'd ever seen. Cathy was delighted to find one that had some type of animal husbandry theme to it, while I was taken with a sinister-looking apparatus that was causing a sad little apple a lot of grief. Cathy was quick to point out that her dad might show up and catch us, so we should grab the box and hightail it outta the truck, which we did, scrambling up the stairs to her room. It always took a full three minutes to get accustomed to the black of her room after being out in daylight, so we just sat peering out the window for her dad to pull up until our vision adjusted and we could get back to our big find.

I can't remember the titles of the books, but I do recall their covers alone offering entirely new vistas of possibility to us. We knew this stuff was the ultimate in sleaze and felt dirty to the point of screaming yeeeeech! and running to wash our hands after finding one book with pages that were stuck together. When we heard car doors slamming, we thought our jig was up, but her dad came straight into the house, going about his business. I hung around for a while, and when it didn't seem we were going to get discovered, I walked home. A few days went by with no word from Cathy's stepdad, even though he'd been out in the truck every day. We got to thinking he either hadn't noticed them missing or had hired private detectives to find them. Meanwhile, the box was carefully hidden in Cathy's closet. We were always afraid to dig it out, fearful that he'd come barging in to catch us with them, so they sat buried until I went away to 4-H camp, where I was in charge of nature hikes and, horror of all horrors, evening vespers. When I got back at the end of summer, Cathy had gotten into heavy eyeliner and mascara and was working so hard at looking like Cher that the subject of the sleaze didn't come up again until three years later when she blew up into a teenage mother and we sat around in her still-black room talking about how naive a girl can be and how we hadn't learned a thing from her stepdad's private stash.

I didn't get into adult novels again until a dozen years later, when I was working at a used bookstore. Every now and then some choice sleaze would find its way into the quarter boxes, and it was always entertaining, to say the least. I was slow to warm to the—shall we say—genre, but when the proverbial light bulb went on, it stayed lit. Maybe it took becoming a real live grown-up to appreciate the fabulous message that adult novels continue to put out—a monosyllabic urge: GO.

It's not like sleaze just happened or anything. We Biblical types wholeheartedly embrace the concept that smut hatched with Original Sin back in a gada da vida, when a snake and an apple caused Adam to want to see Eve in black nylons and high heels, or something to that effect. At any rate, Eve started the whole ball rolling, which is to say that, in essence, all sin, sex, shame, sleaze, and smut were of woman born. Another great boost for women's rights. Roots of sleaze fill mighty tomes and museums and wobbling noggins of scholars, and the more it is purged and bandied about by sociologists and socialites alike, the deeper it creeps. For the intents of this wee peek at paperback adult fodder we will, partially for convenience's sake, keep to a postwar time frame from 1959 to 1966, a mere smudge in the history of what high-brows call erotica, but what we all know as smut. During this short seven-year period, the adult fiction paperback genre ignited and burned hotly before exploding in a great blinding blaze, spawning a harder, stronger, yet less animated and provocative heir: the infamous brassiere burnings of '67 were a clear indication of where things were headed—down. Don't get me wrong, paperback exotica thrived in the late 60s, but as a different animal and with a much-expanded vocabulary. Rather than foam away about the many luscious positive points of the Golden Era books, let's take a general gander at the output of what adds up to well over a hundred adult publishing houses that were operating 1959-1966.

An accurate count of books and publishers is difficult, since the lion's share of these companies did everything in their power to do biz incognito. Publishers often eliminated addresses and years, mixed up the numbering details, changed company names, and physically moved around to avoid detection by the U.S. government, which could nail them on many counts: the IRS could get them for tax fraud; the Postal Service could get them for selling pornography through the mails; and the FBI would no doubt be interested in the fact that these companies were almost always mob-controlled. Adding to the mystery of adult paperbacks is the fact that, for obvious reasons, authors asserted anonymity by using pseudonyms. Often a group of writers would share one pseudonym, although it's exciting to find novels with obvious clues as to the chief or sole author, as in the case of Rapture/PEC/Pike/Epic/Nitime/France writer Ron Haydock, whose pseudonym Vin Saxon pretty much guarantees his work. The same goes for Nightstand author Robert Silverberg, who used Don Elliot as a pseudonym for a veritable pantload of novels for that company. Even science fiction kingpin Harlan Ellison issued an excellent and difficult-to-find adult novel called SEX GANG under the pseudonym of Paul Merchant for Nightstand. The



companies we will briefly look at were all sex book publishers. You won't find Monarch Books, Berkeley, Midwood, or Beacon Books included. They may be a step or two below majors like Ace, Avon, Signet, Popular Library, etc., but they're still several rungs above the publishing nation we're dealing with, if you were to chart out a paperback spectrum of sorts. For the most part, they knew they were manufacturing disposable reading material for readers who wanted sex, and it had to be of a style and substance that would keep the reader coming back for more. The material published in the Golden Years may have been considered "dirty" in its day, but by modern standards, it's incredibly tame. Jackie Collins and her peers grind out more pornography per chapter these days than any of the Golden Age scribes we'll be looking at. Remember that. The beauty of these books comes in the fact that writers crafting these cheap novels were using a now-obsolete vocabulary to push the boundaries of censorship, a manipulative language of suggestion that could successfully stimulate the reader not only into particular emotional states, but into physical and psychological states as well. Certainly, visual arts can accomplish the same result, but the fact that letters on a printed page can make a profound impression on a reader is awesome. Let's go.

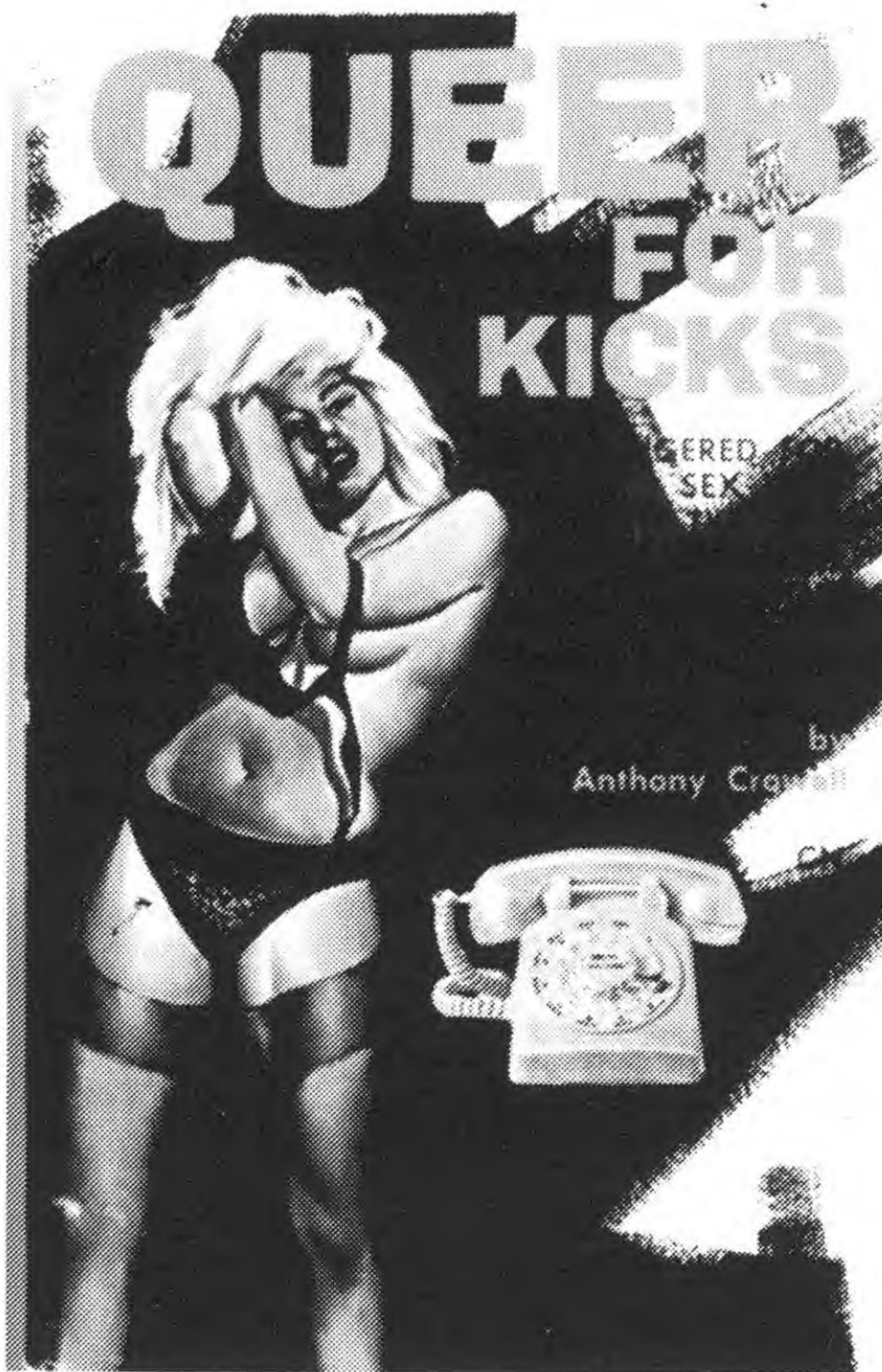
The major adult publishing companies during the period 1958-1966 were centered in a handful of cities spread across the country. Printing/publishing/distribution networks all crossed lines, making for one big incestuous relationship. In keeping with her reputation as a love/lust/romance/sex capitol, Las Vegas, Nevada, was a hub city for adult paperbacks. Two large publishers, Neva and Pioneer, managed to supply countless monthly titles via rapidly changing fleets of pantheons. Pioneer, a low budget biz whose packaging reflects every aspect of cheap/shoddy/floozy,

was home to Anchor, Beehive, Bell, Candlelight, Centaur, Clover, Coach, Compass Line, Dragon, Eagle, Emerald, Globe, Herald, Hi-Hat, Jade, Jet, Knight, Lantern, Mask, Pallette, Palm, Prize, Ram, Regal, Royal Line, Shield, Spade, Spartan, Spur, Stardust, Sun, Swan, Target, Tiger, Topper, Torch, Trophy, Twilight, Valentine, Venus, Wing, and no doubt others which I haven't yet uncovered. Most of these companies simply reissued unsold returns from other publishers—for example, Boudoir. Pioneer recycled Boudoir returns by removing the original covers and title pages and replacing them with newly-titled covers (with low-grade art) which accounts for the fact that many have crooked indicia and shoddy binding. The books were then trimmed down. Often the attempt to chop off the title headings failed, resulting in the original title headings appearing in the retitled book! At least this makes identifying the original book easier! You can imagine the profit margin on this stuff—unsold books, instead of going to pulp scrap, were repackaged and resold with a 75-95 cent cover price. Considering the fact that the manufacturing cost was simply in the cover and trim and that no secondary royalties were necessary, Pioneer was definitely operating a lucrative business. Their East Coast success was due largely to the fact that they were distributed by L.N. Magazine Distribution in Long Island. Whether L.N. was responsible for recycling, in effect laundering, titles from Tuxedo, a Manhattan adult publisher, as Boudoir titles is unsubstantiated, but probable.

The other Las Vegas "major" was Neva, a considerably classier operation which published the attractively packaged (many covers by cool PB cover artist Robert Bonfils), professionally edited Playtime line. Neva also published the Cyan line. In 1966 it came out with Bachelor Books, followed by the racier Galaxy, In, Spotlight, Topaz, and

New Library lines. None of Neva's other lines came close to the class of Playtime, but then again, few other adult paperback houses did either. Neva was distributed by United Graphics, a/k/a the Playbook Club a/k/a Newstand Company a/k/a Magenta Publishing, a mail-order operation that packaged fifty titles for \$15.00 postpaid, available COD to mail-order losers who wanted large quantities of reading material delivered on a monthly basis in a plain brown wrapper. Neva's Playtime books were issued in either 60¢ or 75¢ editions. The 75¢ books, issued through 1966, carried a letter "S" suffix, and bore a remarkable resemblance to Newsstand editions.

Chicago's Newsstand/Magenta, which arrived on the publishing scene in 1958, was another class act in the realm of adult paperbacks. Its ties to Newstand/Magenta in Florida (which was directly linked to Neva) are obvious. Neva, Newsstand, and Magenta products were shipped mail-order through their Florida-based operations. Another great repackaging effort came with Dollar Doubles in 1962, twin paperback combos of two unabridged Newsstand editions with slick new Bonfils cover art. Besides the Newsstand empire, the Windy City also spawned one of my all-time favorite publishing companies: Allied/Camera Arts, daddy to the innovative Novel, Specialty, and Merit lines. The first Novel books appeared in 1959, with wildly sensational cartoonish covers, screaming to be read. In the early 1960s, their covers became sophisticated photo compositions, less lurid, but unique and endearing as all tomorrow. Specialty was created in 1965 to market the autobiographies of various transvestites, sex changes, strippers, and Hollywood Babylon-ish movie stars. These volumes, though scant, were illustrated and very informative for fact-hungry, open-minded adults. Another Chicagoland success story is that of William L. Hamling, a Chicago science fiction writer turned editor turned publisher. Hamling had been writing before he was drafted into the army, and after the war he returned to the craft, soon landing a staff position with Ziff Davis Publications, where he edited FANTASTIC ADVENTURES and AMAZING STORIES for five years. In 1952, he took over publishing IMAGINATION from Ray Palmer. Hamling called his new company Greenleaf Publishing. Little did he know that his company was to become one of the longest-lived, and by far the most colorful, of the independents. Hamling remained in science fiction publishing throughout the 1950s; men's mag collectors should make a point of landing the dozen IMAGINATION digests issued in 1955 with great Dribbin-esque cover art by Harold W. McCauley. Those covers were an indication of the direction Hamling was to take. In 1956 he expanded into the men's magazine market with the sophisticated ROGUE magazine. True to his science fiction friends, he regularly carried stories by Harlan Ellison

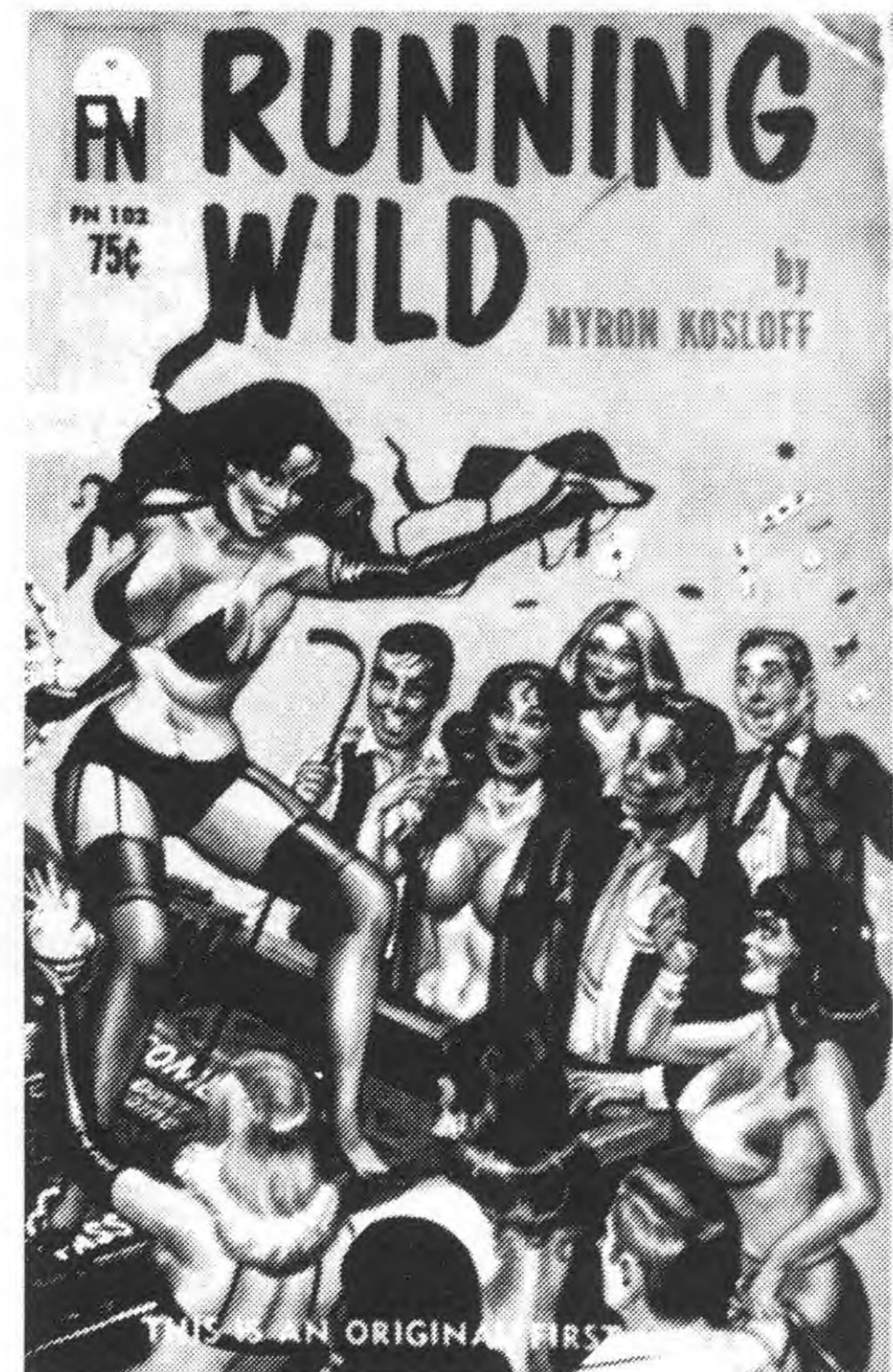


(then editor at Evanston's Regency Books), even offering a topless pictorial of sci-fi inspiration/comic artist Trina Robbins, and he used H.W. McCauley's art on several covers! With the success of ROGUE, Hamling decided to break into the adult paperback market with Nightstand books. His first paperback release was LOVE ADDICT by his friend and science fiction writer Robert Silverberg, writing under the pseudonym Don Elliot. This book is required reading for anyone with the slightest interest in vintage adult paperback material. It's about a beautiful heroin addict/jazz singer who shoots in her thighs because she can't afford to mark up her arms—see, she wears strapless gowns on stage! Greenleaf was the launching pad for a myriad of sister publications to Nightstand, including Leisure Books, Ember Books, and Midnight Reader, all following similar formats. In 1963, Greenleaf became Corinth Publications when the company moved to San Diego. There, the company mushroomed with several different sub-companies, and it remained in business until the close of the sixties, when the Greenleaf line was reintroduced. Hamling moved with the times into hard-core pornography, again pushing the limits of taste and morality, and was greatly chastised by the long arm of the law.

Buffalo, NY is not universally recognized as a literary capitol, but it certainly was the hub city for a number of furtive publishing companies that catered primarily to the special interests of bizarre or fetish-oriented readers. After Hours, Wee Hours, and First Niter Books presented packaging and content which appealed to fiercely loyal S&M, bondage, and high-heels fans by using three key artists: Bill Ward, Gene

Bilbrew, and Eric Stanton. Although stylistically very different, all three artists portrayed beautiful, haughty women with astonishingly well-endowed physiques. The creations of Ward and Stanton are decidedly more princess-like (tiny feet in very high heels, big bouffant hairdos, Cleopatra makeup, skin-tight colorful dresses), while Bilbrew's babes seem to be chiseled out of rock, displaying fabulous feminine assets together with decidedly macho physiques. Gene Bilbrew used the pseudo "Eneg" (Gene backwards) in signing much of his exotic art. Aside from work for Buffalo publishers, Eneg also did cover art for Detroit- and Cleveland-based companies Chevron, Phantom, Mercury, Satan, and Exotik (all distributed through the massive Connoisseur warehouse), as well as later, more explicit bondage magazines and specialty publications such as Cathay, Free Press, and Tortura. Cool notation on Eneg, who was in the early R&B vocal group the Basin Street Boys ("I Sold My Heart to the Trashman"); his signature work is interracial in nature, and at least on one occasion he used his own face in cover art (as a decidedly dominated subject). Although pre-1967 adult novels tried and pushed many social barriers, Eneg's race-mixing themes were truly unique and advanced for their time.

Let's head to California. Long before Hamling had moved Greenleaf-owned Nightstand to San Diego, ex-con Lester Aday had been pumping out his excellent Fabian line (which he'd begun in 1953) in Fresno. Aday ended



*one lascious female's perverted
hunger madly drove him to
anything that wore a skirt in a*

SWAMP LUST

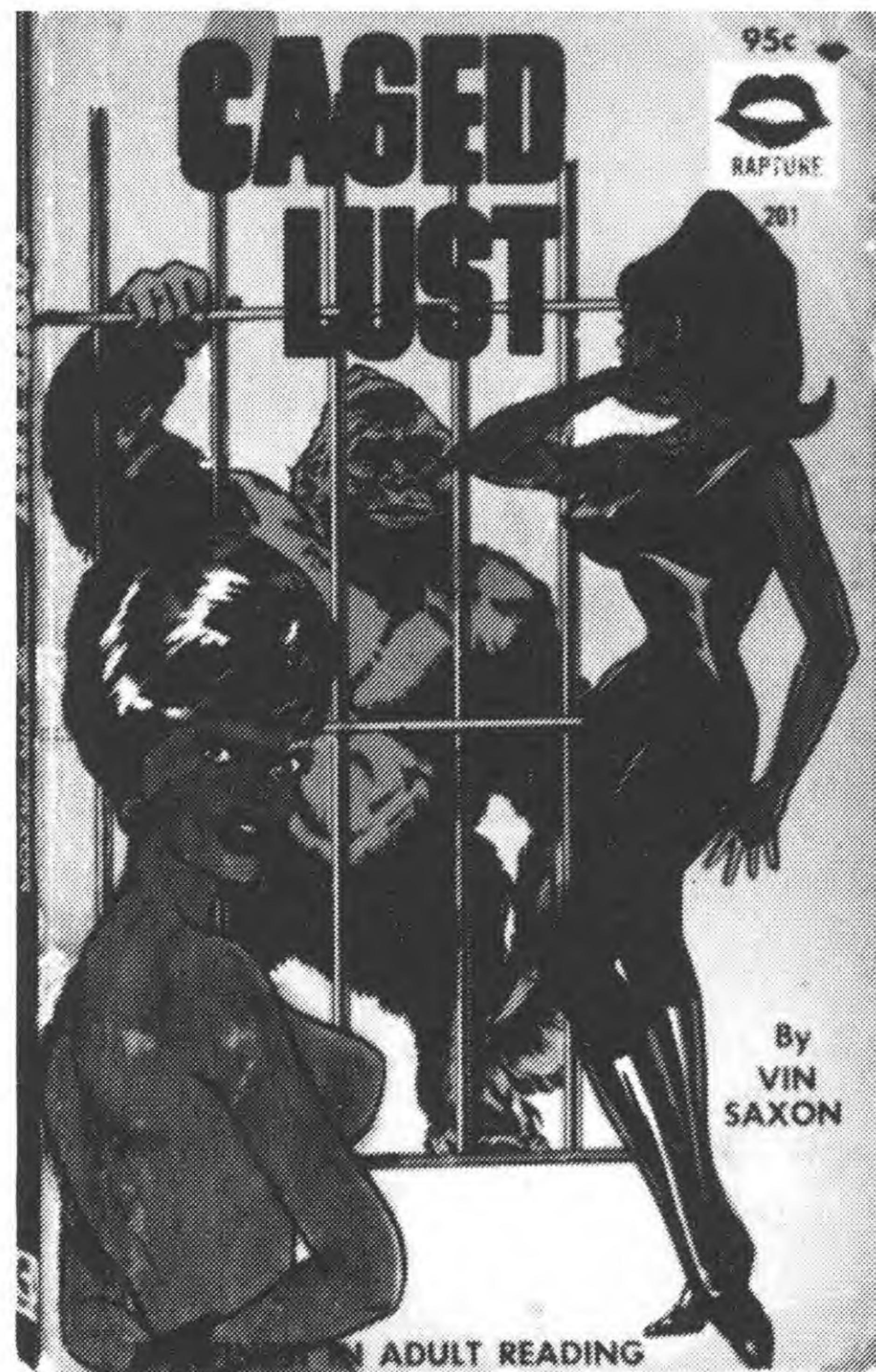


up getting dragged through the 1958 censorship muck when the Georgia legislature found a couple of his books pornographic. Les didn't run when he was charged with publishing obscene material. Instead, he fought tooth and nail, writing long editorials on the backs of the paperbacks published during the trials, demanding an end to censorship and asking readers to stand up for their right to read and write whatever they wanted. He kept publishing adult paperbacks right into the late 1960s, along the way establishing the Paragon, Saber, Tropic, Vega, and National Library lines, each one pushing the limits of censorship with as much charm as the genre would allow. The cover art on Fabian books is quite unlike that of other companies. Heavily pastelled, the realistic artwork features the same well-rounded blonde on more than a fair share of the covers. The only major scribes I know of who were published by Fabian are Orrie Hitt (a veritable adult-fiction machine) and, strangely, well-respected astrologer Sidney Omarr, who apparently began his writing career gazing at more than just celestial bodies!

Moving to Tinsel Town, we come on a crush of excellent adult publishing houses, including France Books, which was home to not only great paperbacks with gatefold pin-up covers, but also several excellent magazines including EROTICA, TWILIGHT, GUSTO, and RED GARTER, all of which catered to the fetish crowd with a great deal of taste and class. A major force in Hollywood was Art Enterprises, the beast behind Epic, Moonlight, Nite Lite, L.A. Boudoir, All Star, and Imperial books. Addresses on Art Enter-

prises editions slip from New York to L.A. and back, probably indicating the distribution network—and of course Boudoir ended up at Pioneer in Las Vegas, being recycled into any number of disguised reworks. Publisher's Export Company (PEC) is one of my favorite adult paperback companies, the main factor being that they published several novels by my favorite adult author, Ron Haydock. Also, their packaging is consistently excellent. Rapture and Pike tied into the PEC family, which also included French Line and PEC Specials. Their lesbian and gay lines were exemplary—another time for the massive, heaving bosom of lesbiana, a subgenre in a class all its own!

This is just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to adult paperbacks. I hope it gets some of you lusty, zesty film fans into broadening your horizons. There are subgenres galore, and plenty of MTI's (movie tie-ins). Ed Wood's **ORGY OF THE DEAD**, for instance, was issued as an illustrated novel by Greenleaf, and the fantastic illustrated Olympic Foto-Readers issued Hershell Gordon Lewis films in paperback, as well. We're lucky to be living in a day and age when this stuff is still, for the large part, unexcavated. Anybody who tells you there's nothing left to find is dead-on WRONG—the adult mass-market paperback is just one of many worlds that's screeching for a revival. ♦



Author Miriam Linna (along with husband Billy Miller) is the founder of Norton Records, purveyors of untamed rock 'n' roll. During the past 15 years they've produced numerous records, not-to-mention pioneering publications such as KICKS magazine, BAD SEED, and THE SMUT PEDDLER. Their band, The A-Bones, recently released their latest effort MUSIC MINUS FIVE.

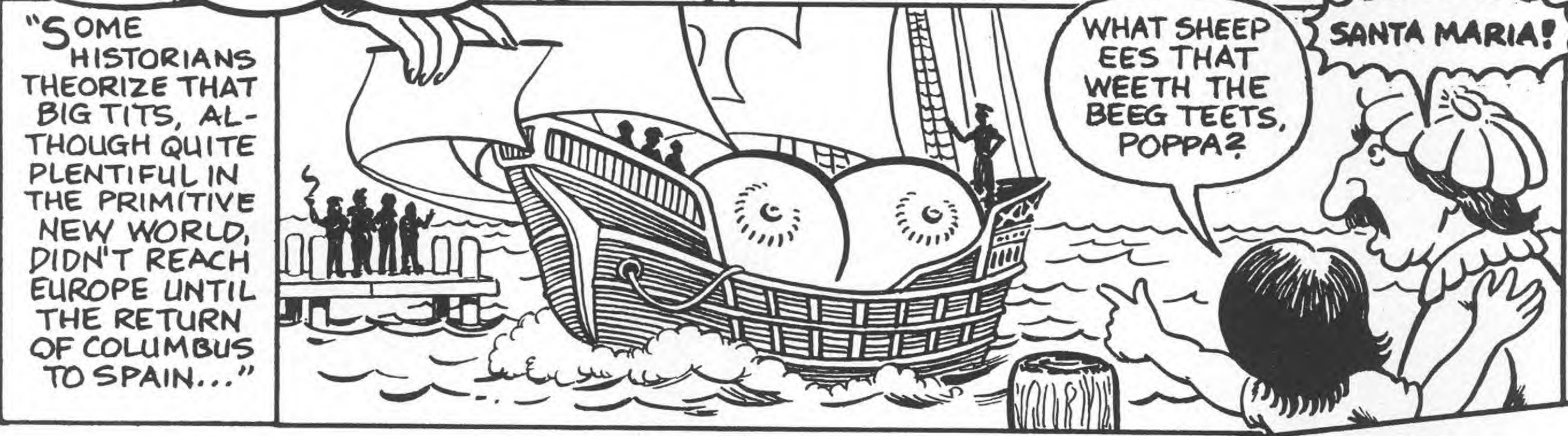
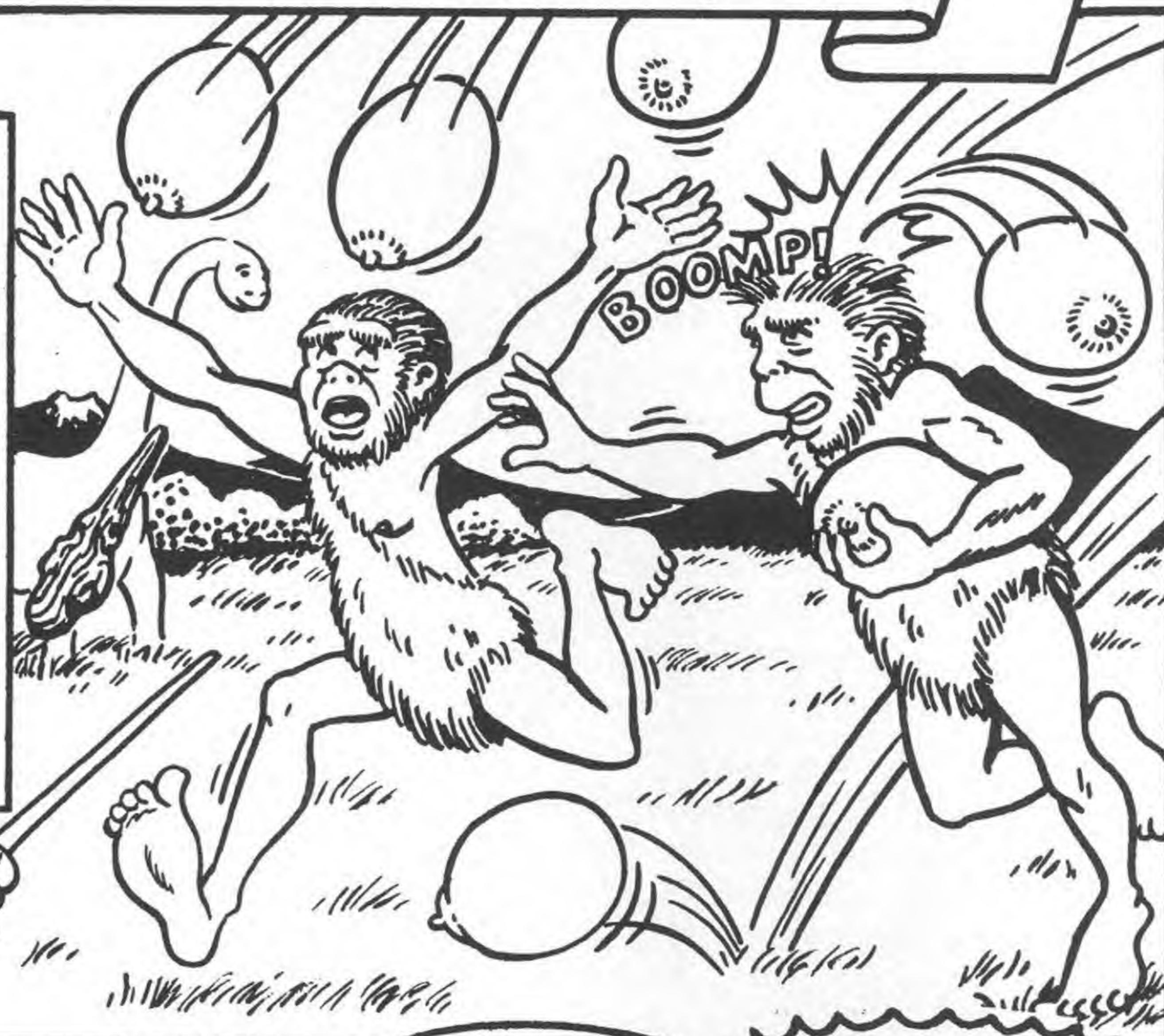


BIG TITS EXPOSED

with
"TITS" McGILLCUTTY

"BIG TITS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN WITH US (SOME OF US, THAT IS). UNLIKE TODAY'S MAN, WHO TAKES BIG TITS FOR GRANTED, PREHISTORIC MAN BELIEVED THEM TO BE GIFTS FROM THE GODS..."

"SOME HISTORIANS THEORIZIZE THAT BIG TITS, ALTHOUGH QUITE PLENTIFUL IN THE PRIMITIVE NEW WORLD, DIDN'T REACH EUROPE UNTIL THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS TO SPAIN..."




©1993 by Gary Dumm & Greg Budgett

"PERHAPS THE MOST PROFOUND CONTRIBUTION TO THE WELFARE OF BIG TITS WAS OTTO TITSLING'S INVENTION OF THE BRA, WHICH HE MADE FOR HIS WELL-ENDOWED OPERA-SINGER GIRLFRIEND. OTTO'S MOTIVES WERE NOT ENTIRELY UNSELFISH..."



"'MORE IS BETTER' IS THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE. TO HANDLE THE COMING POPULATION EXPLOSION, GENETIC ENGINEERS ARE CREATING WOMEN SUCH AS MS. ANN NOMALY, WHO SAYS, TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR, 'NO ONE KNOWS JUST WHERE BIG TITS CAME FROM, BUT WE'RE ALL GLAD THEY'RE HERE.'"



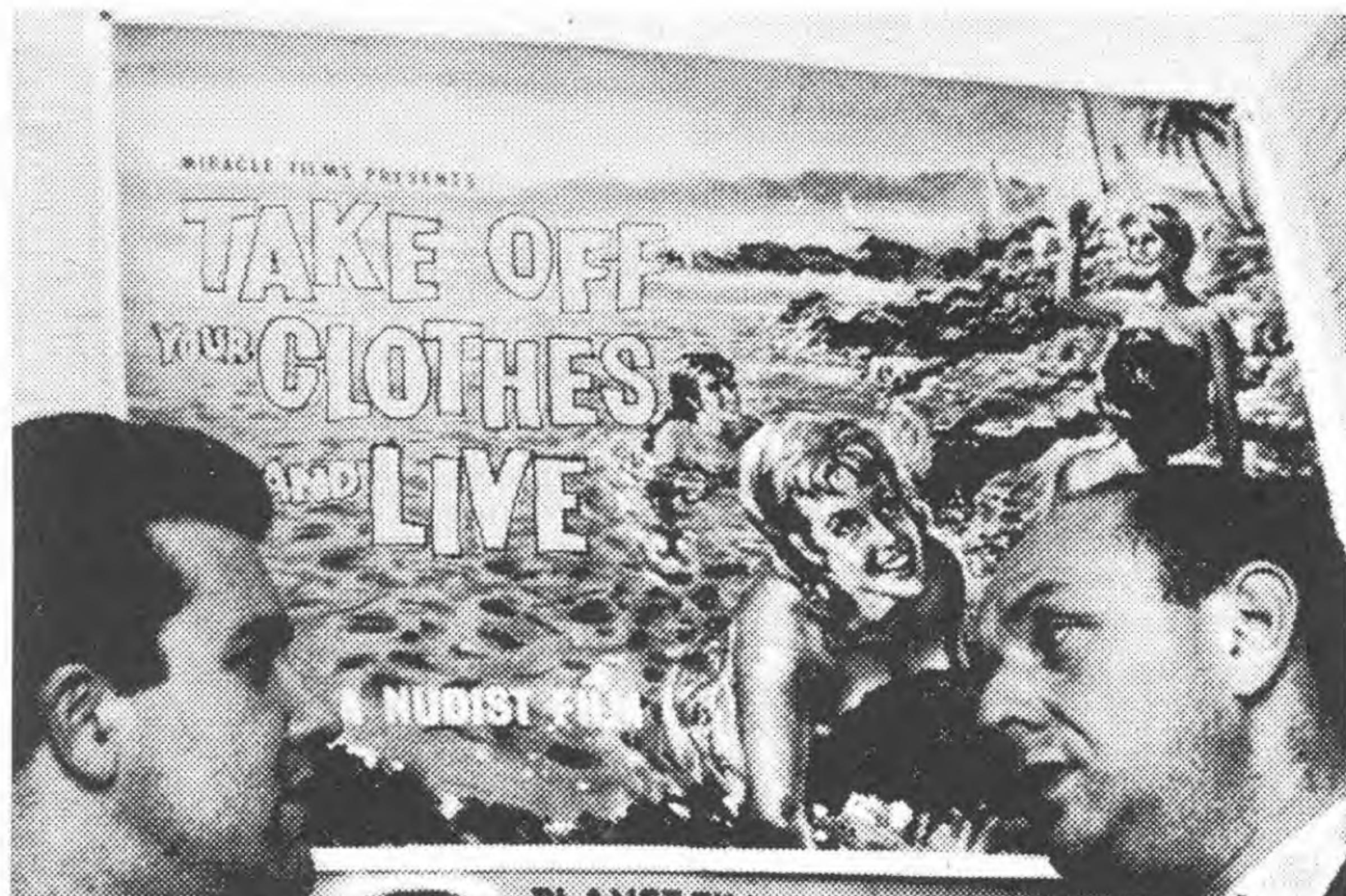
Here's last week's laundry Miss.

by David McGillivray

**If I didn't live in
Great Britain, I
would find it hard to
believe that, in 1994,
such a country could
exist. You may have
heard that our
censorship is rather
strict. You don't
know the half of it!**

Carry On

Sexual Perversity in Great Britain



Pornography is still illegal. Not only is there no such thing as an "adult video," but twenty-year-old movie classics such as **DEEP THROAT** and **THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES** have never been shown in public theatres.

People are still fined and even imprisoned if they are caught dealing in pornography. It is forbidden for any publication to show an erect penis. Strippers performing in private clubs to adult audiences are still arrested and charged with "gross indecency."

Sex is something of an Achilles's heel as far as the British character is concerned. We would rather not have to deal with sex in any shape or form, thank you very much, and when we have to confront it, we become demented. The very name "Great Britain" is synonymous with "sex scandal" as anyone who reads the papers will know.

We are far better off when we are playing sport, preferably rugby football, in the rain. There was a play which ran on the London stage for years and years called **NO SEX PLEASE—WE'RE BRITISH**. It was a comedy, of course. But there's many a true word spoken in jest.

What on earth happened to us, so that, in 1994, we cannot be trusted to open the **DIRECTORY OF ADULT FILMS** (banned in Britain) without risking mental instability?

Well, we can't go into all that now. Suffice it to say that it was the Victorians who first looked in horror across the English Channel at the licentiousness engulfing Continental Europe and decided that the British would have no part of it. This was the period when the legs of the piano were covered and male & female servants climbed to their quarters at the top of the house by separate staircases.

Naturally there remained as much licentiousness in Britain as anywhere else, but it was no longer out in the open. Papa had to know down which dark alleyway to duck in order to buy his pornography and his companionship. Sex ceased to exist as the subject of polite conversation, and only the lower classes were permitted to enjoy a giggle at rude topics (underwear, the wedding night, bodily functions), either at the music hall (roughly the equivalent of vaudeville) or on the seaside postcard (for which there is no exact counterpart).

Basically we are still bearing the yoke of Victorian prudishness. Yes, of course sex is funny in a great many cultures, but only in Britain does the inability to have sex remain hilarious. The ideal scenario for British sex comedy is to have its lovebirds surprised by a third party before sex has commenced.

This formula, usually enhanced by rude noises and sexual puns, is the stock in trade of **THE BENNY HILL SHOW**, the **CARRY ON** films, the British stage farce, and an Adult comic book named **VIZ**, whose circulation currently exceeds a million (more than four times that of **COSMOPOLITAN**—in case that matters).

The concept of sex as something dirty and comical—and therefore unerotic—has been part of the collective British subconscious throughout the twentieth century. And, needless to say, it underpinned the sex films Britain made for nearly 25 years from 1957 to 1981.

In view of what I've already said, one could be forgiven for assuming that British cinema was never sullied by porn of any description. Indeed, the British Board of Film Censors did its damnedest to shield us from filthy foreign practices. But King Canute would have had more luck turning back the tide. Too many British servicemen had been posted abroad during World War II for it to remain a secret that there were some countries where men and women went to bed with no clothes on.

The B.B.F.C. was established in 1913 and, since then, no film has been publicly exhibited in Britain without a censor's "certificate" or rating. But the Board's decision is not final. If it refuses to grant a certificate to a film, its distributor can take it to any of the country's County Councils, which may issue their own certificates.

By the late 1940s the Board was way out of step with public opinion. More and more films, banned by the board, were approved by local Councils. In 1951, therefore, the Board bowed to the inevitable and introduced the "X" certificate, which allowed the exhibition of films that previously would have been cut or banned. The floodgates were opened and in poured the Continental sex dramas.

I've noticed that in America the word "European" was often used to imply unbridled carnality. For us, however, the buzz-word for the erotica denied us was "Continental," which instantly conjured up images of everything from French striptease to Scandinavian nude bathing.

There was even a cinema in London called La Continentale. This and similar theatres throughout the country screened sleazy melodramas, mostly from France, Italy, and Sweden, with plots revolving around prostitution and vice rings. In 1957 Britain even made one herself, **THE FLESH IS WEAK**, starring John Derek.

Nudity, however, was still strictly forbidden; when, later in 1957, the American nudie **THE GARDEN OF EDEN** turned up in Britain, the B.B.F.C. banned it without a second thought.

Once again the Board was behind the times. **THE GARDEN OF EDEN** was passed by 78% of the local authorities who saw it; the board was then required to pass the other nudies which followed in its wake. These included the first British nudie, **NUDIST PARADISE** (1958), and two other British productions whose fame has somehow endured, Harrison Marks's **NAKED AS NATURE INTENDED** (1961), starring Pamela Green, Britain's answer to Betty Page, and Arnold L. Miller's **TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND LIVE** (1962).

At this time so-called "kitchen sink dramas" were all the rage. The new Secretary of the B.B.F.C., John Trevelyan, decided that it was

in the public interest to allow a spate of British films about social deprivation. The likes of **ROOM AT THE TOP** (1958) and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING** (1960) were franker about sex than anything that had been seen before, and the puritans were aghast.

Actually, Trevelyan knew exactly where to draw the line. He only agreed to award certificates to nudies after they had become a national laughing stock, and refused to countenance the American nudie cuties inspired by the success of Russ Meyer's **THE IMMORAL MR. TEAS** (1959). Meyer's work was unknown in Britain until the late Sixties; as late as 1971, Trevelyan cut 24 minutes from Meyer's film **VIXEN**.

Distributors didn't even bother to submit the roughies and kinkies, which succeeded the cuties, for British censorship. American sex-exploitation of the Sixties was restricted to "cinema clubs," where films, supposedly uncensored but actually cut by the management, played to punters who paid an annual membership fee. Sometimes newspapers would refuse even to print the titles of these shockers, and I remember seeing the periodic announcement THIS WEEK: TITLE CENSORED (UNCENSORED).

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Wily British producers who wanted to sneak British sex-exploitation past the B.B.F.C. had to pretend either that they were working in the kitchen sink tradition, or that they had an Awful Warning to impart to society. The films that resulted were nowhere near as bold as their American counterparts, or should I say the films we saw certainly weren't. These were the versions made for home consumption. There were other versions, with racier dialogue and topless starlets, for foreign export.

Foremost in the sex-exploitation field was a director named Robert Hartford-Davis, who ended

up in Hollywood, where he died in 1977. His forte was actually horror, but he began by helming cheapies like **SATURDAY NIGHT OUT** (1963) about merchant seamen on shore leave. Although there's no sex or nudity in this film, its theme was sordid and sensational by British standards: the sailors spend ninety-odd minutes looking for partners in the hope of a one-night stand. Films of this type never played the major theatre circuits.

John Trevelyan was responsible for the next leap forward in 1967 when, after being ridiculed by the press, he allowed a shot of a full frontal female nude to be reinstated in the Swedish film **HUGS AND KISSES**. Up until this time, nobody was one hundred percent sure whether or not pubic hair was officially obscene. **HUGS AND KISSES** was a test case. When police and public failed to prosecute this Swedish art house picture, they implicitly sanctioned the full frontal nudity that was to bolster the British sex film industry for the next decade.

During the last years of the swinging Sixties, a horde of newcomers moved into sex movies, all anxious to see how much they could get away with. Norman J. Warren, who would later become a low-budget horror specialist, tried his hand at a couple of gloomy sex dramas, **HER PRIVATE HELL** (1967) and **LOVING FEELING** (1968). Pete Walker showed no aptitude for comedy in **I LIKE BIRDS** (1967) and **SCHOOL FOR SEX** (1968); in the Seventies he also found his niche in horror. Photographer David Grant jumped on the sex-education bandwagon—his **LOVE VARIATIONS** (1969) was the first British film with a close-up full frontal male nude.

In America, as we know, soft-core porno was killed stone dead almost from the day in 1971 when **MONA**, the first hard-core picture, opened. But in Britain, where hard-core stood as much chance of acceptance as the abolition of the tea break, the boom years of the "tit and bum" movie lay ahead.

From the experimentation of the Sixties it was clear what kind of sex film the much-maligned "raincoat trade" favored. As Harrison Marks put it, "My track record shows that a mixture of comedy and pretty birds wins."

The British sex comedies which saturated the market during the Seventies were a minor social and cultural phenomenon that has been all but obscured by the mists of time. When this rubbish appeared on the scene, mainstream British movies were losing the worldwide popularity they'd gained in the Sixties; but the sex comedies could recoup their production costs from domestic rentals alone. They were really the last commercially successful movies that Britain ever made.

There were new releases every week and they turned up at every suburban theatre throughout the country. People lined up round the

block to see British sex goddesses such as Fiona Richmond and Mary Millington baring all. Millington appeared in about ten minutes of Harrison Marks's **COME PLAY WITH ME** (1977), which ran in London for four years. By the late Seventies there was so much soft-core porn on British screens that parents wrote letters to newspapers complaining that there was no longer anything to which they could take their kids.

The porn glut so amused John Landis when he was in Britain scouting locations for **AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON** that he set the climax of his movie in the Eros cinema, a real-life grind house on London's Picadilly Circus. David Naughton turns into a werewolf in the Eros auditorium while watching a phony British sex film called **SEE YOU NEXT WEDNESDAY** starring "Brenda Bristols." (Landis certainly did his research. Not only did he perfectly capture the untiring coarseness of the Z-grade British sex film, but he was also responsible for niceties that meant nothing outside the British Isles—"Bristol City" is Cockney rhyming slang for "tittie.")

The porn of the period was typified by **CONFESSIONS OF A WINDOW CLEANER** (1974) and its three sequels, in which Robin Askwith plays a cheeky young workman constantly caught in compromising positions with naked nurses, secretaries, and housewives.

The films were so successful that rival British companies churned out identical films. There was **THE AMOROUS MILKMAN**, **SECRETS OF A DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN**, **UPS AND DOWNS OF A HANDYMAN**, et al. And, until the end of the Seventies, the title of any Continental skin flick had only to be appended "**CONFessions OF...**" to guarantee a box-office smash.

The appeal of this nonsense was and still is all but impossible to understand. The films were uniformly slapdash, with inane writing, hack direction, and amateurish performances. And, unless you found the sight of Brenda Bristols and her colleagues taking showers and leaning forward in low-cut dresses an instant turn-on, they were not sexy.

None of this mattered. The combination of nudity and venerable British music-hall humor, unchanged for decades, was irresistible. More sophisticated erotica was by now available via truncated versions of **LAST TANGO IN PARIS** and **EMMANUELLE**, and these films were doing very well in better-class areas. But Joe Public preferred his perpetual diet of comedy and pretty birds. And even if the censor had ensured that nothing much happened in the movie shown tonight, there was always the chance of something spicier in the one coming next week.

By the turn of the Eighties the party was just about over. A remarkable confluence of circumstances had rendered the survival of the

soft-core industry impossible. An old man's craft, soft-core held no interest for newcomers to the business. Production costs had soared, discouraging the fast-buck merchants. In 1975 the cinema clubs had won a new lease on life by showing hard-core; now the real McCoy was sneaking onto the new medium of videotape.

But the coup de grace was delivered in 1980 by the newly elected Conservative government, which withdrew the Eady fund used to subsidize British film production. One day, it is rumored, somebody in authority actually took the trouble to check what kind of film public money was being used to promote, and cut off the funding there and then.

During the first half of the Eighties, the Conservatives introduced one act after another whose cumulative effect was the outlaw of pornography and returned Britain to a state of uneasy grace, which had not existed since before the birth of rock 'n' roll. Threatened with fines of tens of thousands of pounds, the cinema clubs disappeared. The infamous Video Recordings Act of 1984 gave the British Board of Film Censors legal powers for the first time in its history. Anyone caught handling a tape banned by the Board now faced the possibility of a three-year prison sentence. In 1986 Britain was pronounced Porn Free.

But this is not the end of the story. Rumblings of discontent from disenfranchised British voyeurs have recently increased to a roar. In 1991 the B.B.C. responded by allowing for the first time unsimulated sexual intercourse, which was seen in a tape called **THE LOVERS' GUIDE**—porn masquerading once again as sex education. Just over a year later, countless graphic "sex education" primers now vie with the work-out and wrestling tapes at the top of the sell-through video charts.

Only weeks ago, **FOR WOMEN**, the British version of **PLAYGIRL**, announced its decision to go to court to plead for the right, demanded by readers, to publish pictures of erect penises.

And the latest brouhaha seethes even as I write. Ever since satellite television first went on the air in Britain in 1989, it has been known that, sooner or later, hard-core pornography would be beamed to us from the Continent (incorrigibly wicked after all these years). The dreaded broadcasts have now begun, and already an estimated 20,000 British subscribers are picking up the sinful signals from Denmark.

Vigilant even as its bastions crumble, the British government has set up a committee to investigate the quite futile possibility of having European law altered in our favor. This morning I took part in a BBC radio discussion of the topic. "The committee watched one of the broadcasts last night," fumed its chairman. "These are not girlie films," he warned, apparently unaware that such material has been



My Bare Lady 1963

obsolete for more than a decade, "this is hard-core pornography of the most disgusting kind!"

I could not resist smugness. "We're part of Europe now and must abide by European law," I reasoned. "We're just going to have to lie back and enjoy it."

By the time you read this, my country probably will have been submerged by the tidal wave of filth which moral reformers have been threatening since the premiere of **NUDIST PARADISE**. If you ever hear from me again, I may well be stark, staring mad. ▶

David McGillivray wrote and appeared in several British sex exploitation films of the Seventies. He is the author of **DOING RUDE THINGS: THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH SEX FILM, 1957-1981**. Write to Sun Tavern Fields, P.O. Box 982, London E1 9EQ, England.

SEXY



SCHOOLGIRLS

In Highball #1, I discussed the development of the very successful seventies series the Schoolgirl Reports. These films, produced by Wolf C. Hartwig and directed (for the most part) by Ernst Hofbauer, deliberately used the "Lolita" image to toy with audiences' desires to see young, naked girls "doing it". The "authentic" cases of sexual deorientation, depravity, freedom, and shamelessness supposedly showed youngsters as they were. Or better yet, as scriptwriter Günter Hunold imagined them to be. It might have been curiosity (i.e. desire to peek under the miniskirt of an everyday schoolgirl) combined with the aim to be informed about the moral viewpoint and the state of sexual revolution that drew audiences numbering in the millions to see those "dirty" movies. It's hard to explain why the films seemed (and still *do* seem) so attractive. The single episodes were plainly staged, using young actresses and actors, some of whom had appeared in sex films and would appear later in TV and/or film, such as the sultry, blonde Ingrid Steeger. Most, however, were non-professionals, whose natural and shy performances added that "real" feeling to the productions. These youngsters might as well have been the neighbors' sons or daughters . . . or even your own.

THE SEQUEL

by Graf Haufen

SEX

The Sex Report films meant business. Since they were cheap and easy to produce, they were instantly followed by a flood of report film rip-offs. Most of them could not reach the artistic and voyeuristic level of Ernst Hofbauer's films. Still, they were profitable and were followed by even more product until the market was saturated. The peak point was in 1973, with seventeen new films. From there it went downhill rapidly until only the original Schulmädchen Report series was still surviving in 1980.

The industry was looking for new themes to exploit, so they decided to make a couple of films about lonely housewives in need of sexual fulfillment. Other themes included Holidays (the time to live out your sexual fantasies), occurrences behind locked doors, sexual harassment at work, problems of prostitution, sex life in a convent, and wedding night defloration. Among the leading forces in creating these films was Ernst Hofbauer, who not only directed for Hartwig's Rapid Film Company, but also for TV13 (the production company



MÄDCHEN BEIM FRAUENARTZ

responsible for Adrian Hoven's **MARK OF THE DEVIL II**). Before starting the Schulmädchen Report series, he directed **PROSTITUTION HEUTE** (trans.: **PROSTITUTION TODAY**), 1970, one of the first films of the genre and one of the most serious as well. He portrays every facet of prostitution: the high-class whore from Frankfurt, the prostitute-by-chance from Hanover, the S&M erotic shows and "special treatments" in Hamburg, callboys, the deviant desires of wooers from Worms, the massage parlors in Munich, and even the sexually motivated killings in the twilight city,

Berlin. This strange blend of human interest, sexual sightseeing, and educational touches shifts the film into the mondo field, without being as purely exploitative as **WORLD BY NIGHT** and similar, mostly Italian films from the sixties.

There are no street interviews (an important trademark of the report film), and the loose structure of the individual episodes marks the film as a precursor of things to come. Only three months later, Hofbauer's first **SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT** was released, followed almost immediately by **MÄDCHEN BEIM FRAUENARTZ** (trans.: **GIRLS AT THE GYNECOLOGIST**), 1970, which was the first film to show the inside of a girl's vagina (!). The narrator, a gynecologist from Munich, reports cases of unwanted pregnancy, sexual diseases, and impotence.

Soon after this, his films **EROTIK IM BERUF** (trans.: **EROTIC AT WORK**), **SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 2** and **3**, and **URLAUBSREPORT** (trans.: **HOLIDAY REPORT**) were released. **EROTIK IM BERUF** shows different episodes of sexual activity in the workplace. Harassment and career sex are focused on with odd elements mixed in. In between the episodes we get interviews with a psychiatrist, a female worker, and a union spokesman. The mix works perfectly. Some episodes are genuine stupid fun, while others are shockingly realistic portraits of sexual violence.

URLAUBSREPORT is clearly more interested in entertainment; funny episodes dominate the movie. We see sex adventures in a Spanish dancing school, sexual blackmail (also presented in a humorous manner), holiday computer dating, and a Bavarian sex cure. Sybil Danning hitchhikes and is nearly raped but finds a nice young man soon after. Interviews are included, this time with people on holiday, but are clearly fake. Mindless entertainment. It's neither very erotic nor important.

WAS MÄNNER NICHT FÜR MÖGLICH HALTEN (trans.: **WHAT MEN THINK OF AS NOT POSSIBLE**) followed, the first of the "lonely housewife" films. The title sequence alone makes the film worth tracking down: naked housewives prepare dinner and clean house while great, sleazy big-band music (typical of Hofbauer's films) plays enthusiastically. A sex trap for beer-delivery guys, sex with a doctor, a girl who fucks her mother's lover, and a suicide attempt are the themes of this routine film. Not much new stuff, but again, plain entertainment, nonetheless.

Hofbauer returned with **LEHRMÄDCHEN REPORT** (trans.: **GIRL APPRENTICE REPORT**), a film similar in structure and intention to **EROTIK IM BERUF**. A hot "15 year old" tries to seduce her boss, but gets raped by the boys instead. Young hairdressers with transparent blouses take some extra time with their customers. There are teenagers working in a pornographic printing shop,

some German Hell's Angels who force a young runaway to play depraved sex games, a funny episode in a nudist camp, and even sex in a small airplane. The unreal feeling of the episodes and the absurdity of the stories (some of them anyway) make this film only average. Ernst Hofbauer had clearly lost his vision to create a unique atmosphere of eroticism. This also shows in the two films that followed: **WAS SCHULMÄDCHEN VERSCHWEIGEN** (trans.: **WHAT SCHOOLGIRLS DON'T TELL**). Both of them, made in between **SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORTS 4, 5, and 6**, are below average and cannot really be recommended. Both have some great episodes, but, on the whole, they are made too carelessly to be good. Especially the second, with its Bavarian-style jokes. It reminds the viewer of the up-and-coming series of so-called "Bayernfilme" (Bavarian Movies), a series located in Bavaria and containing a mixture of sexual situations and generally bad comedy. These bottom-of-the-barrel films dominated the sex-film industry after the vanishing of the report films—a trend which soon fell by the wayside for the same reasons the report films vanished—overproduction. The crossover tried to capitalize on both genres, but succeeded in neither.

The same goes for Hofbauer's untalented assistant, Walter Boos, who directed (after his report films) more or less uninspired "Bayernfilme." Apart from his contributions to the Schulmädchen Report series, he directed a great deal of report films that should be mentioned here, as he made (apart from Ernst Hofbauer and Eberhard Schröder) the most films in this genre. His first solo feature, **DIE JUNGEN AUSREISSEINNEN** (trans.: **THE YOUNG RUNAWAYS**), was released in 1972, after he had co-directed **SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 3** with Hofbauer. This was only marginally a report film. Afterwards, Boos decided to try his hand at sex in a hospital setting, approximately the same time as Roger



Corman did with his New World Pictures' **NIGHT CALL NURSES** (1972). Men, tied to their beds, are the willing victims of the nurses' lust—a clear male fantasy of dominant women who take what they want. Boos obviously didn't know how to get this erotic premise across; the film is a boring exercise in coupling without any emotion. Seeing left-wing German folk singer Konstantin Wecker and Ingrid Steeger in this mess doesn't help much either.

MÄDCHEN, DIE NACH MÜNCHEN KOMMEN (trans.: **GIRLS WHO COME TO MUNICH**) uses the formula of the report film to show as much nudity as possible without being even slightly erotic. A bunch of girls arrive in Munich and are forced to sell them-

selves for money.

Boos's other work in this field, like **SCHLÜSSENLOCH REPORT** (trans.: **KEY-HOLE REPORT**), **SEX-TRAÜME REPORT** (trans.: **SEX DREAMS REPORT**), **DIE SCHULMÄDCHEN VON BAHNHOF ZOO** (trans.: **THE SCHOOLGIRLS FROM STATION ZOO**), **SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORTS 5, 9, 10, 12**, and finally, in 1980, **13**, are all more or less unimpressive and feature nothing new.

Eberhard Schröder is a much better director, and his series of "Hausfrauen Report" (trans.: Housewife Report) films (a clear reaction of TV13 to Rapid Films's "Schulmädchen Report" series) shines high above every film

SCHOOLGIRLS

made by Walter Boos. These films don't feature young, naive Lolita types in schooldresses; instead they show attractive, more mature women living alone or feeling lonely while their husbands are working.

The series was as successful as the "Schulmädchen Reports" and was regarded as the adult version of the Hofbauer series. Parts 2 and 3 followed quickly after the well-received first film; their structure was much the same, aside from the addition of more "funny sex," thus reducing the erotic potential. The trend towards the Bavarian sex comedy is also visible here. Part 4 was directed by Hofbauer, but lacks his vision completely. Sex in foreign countries (played by German actors) is the premise of this film. There are street interviews (conducted in German with heavily faked accents, of course), but the

"authenticity" of the early films is not present anymore. Nor does it seem to be desired by the makers. Just plain sex and entertainment without the need to be educational or "real." The added storyline of the young couple, now with its first baby, refers in a way to the very successful series of Helga movies (**HELGA, HELGA UND MICHAEL**, and **HELGA UND DIE MÄNNER**), but shows, on the other hand, the intention to create something like a sexexploitation soap opera. Part 5, directed by Schröder, is standard stuff, and Part 6 (a kind of "best of") with many scenes from previous entries, looks like a parody of the whole series.

Schröder's other report films include **§218—WIR HABEN ABGETRIEBEN, HERR STAATSANWALT** (trans.: **§218—WE HAD AN ABORTION, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY**

[§218 defines the procedure of abortion and its legal consequences.]). This film was co-directed by Rob Houwer and features nine cases of abortion and what led to them. Others include **SCHÜLER REPORT** (trans.: **PUPIL REPORT**), a direct rip-off of the "Schulmädchen Report" series, **KLOSTERSCHÜLERINNEN** (trans.: **CONVENT SCHOOL GIRLS**), about girls in the convent and their sexual desires and needs (more of a sex film than a report film), and **MASSAGESALON DER JUNGEN MÄDCHEN** (trans.: **MASSAGE PARLOR OF YOUNG GIRLS**), about a reporter hired to write an article on massage parlors.

Hubert Frank (he is often confused with Jess Franco) contributed two films to the genre. Anyone who has seen any of Franco's films and at least one Hubert Frank film will recognize a major difference between the two. Jess

FILMOGRAPHY

Many of the listed films played, often in edited versions, in American drive-ins under different titles. This list is certainly not complete. I've only included films which are more or less report films and left out those which posed as one (see above). Also not included are the straight educational films, but it is difficult to define a borderline ...

1967: **INTIM REPORT** (Joachim Mock, Peter Ehmke, Rubin Sharon)
1969: **EHEPAAR SUCHT GLEICHGESINNTES** (Franz Josef Gottlieb)
1970: **LIEBE UNTER 17** (Veit Relin)
 MÄDCHEN BEIM FRAUENARTZ (Ernst Hofbauer)
 PROSTITUTION HEUTE (Ernst Hofbauer)
 SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 1 (Ernst Hofbauer)
 WELT SEX REPORT (Richard Rimmel)
 WUNDERLAND DER LIEBE (Dieter Geissler)
1971: **§218—WIR HABEN ABGETRIEBEN, HERR STAATSANWALT**
 (Eberhard Schröder/Rob Houwer)
 BLUTJUNGE VERFÜHRERINNEN 1 (Erwin C. Dietrich)
 DAS EHRLICHE INTERVIEW (Werner M. Lenz)
 EHEMÄNNER REPORT (Harald Philipp)
 EROTIK IM BERUF (Ernst Hofbauer)
 HAUSFRAUEN REPORT 1 (Eberhard Schröder)
 HAUSFRAUEN REPORT 2 (Eberhard Schröder)
 JUNGFRAUEN REPORT (Jess Franco)
 SCHÜLER REPORT (Eberhard Schröder)
 SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 2 (Ernst Hofbauer)
 SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 3 (Ernst Hofbauer/Walter Boos)
 STEWARDESSEN (Erwin C. Dietrich)
 URLAUBSREPORT (Ernst Hofbauer)
 WAS MÄNNER NICHT FÜR MÖGLICH HALTEN
 (Ernst Hofbauer)
 ZUM ZWEITEN FRÜHSTÜCK HEISSE LIEBE (Hubert Frank)
1972: **BLUTJUNGE VERFÜHRERINNEN 2** (Erwin C. Dietrich)
 BLUTJUNGE VERFÜHRERINNEN 3 (Erwin C. Dietrich)
 FACTS — KOPENHAGEN SEX REPORT (Werner M. Lenz)
 HAUSFRAUEN REPORT 3 (Eberhard Schröder)
 HAUSFRAUEN REPORT 4 (Ernst Hofbauer)
 HOCHZEITSNACHT REPORT (Hubert Frank)

HOSTESSEN SEX REPORT (Dieter Lohmann)
KLOSTERSCHÜLERINNEN (Eberhard Schröder)
KRANKENSCHWESTERN REPORT (Walter Boos)
LEHRMÄDCHEN REPORT (Ernst Hofbauer)
MÄDCHEN, DIE NACH MÜNCHEN KOMMEN (Walter Boos)
MASSAGESALON DER JUNGEN MÄDCHEN
 (Eberhard Schröder)
SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 4 (Ernst Hofbauer)
SEX-REPORT BLUTJUNGER MÄDCHEN (Fritz Frons)
VERFÜHRERINNEN REPORT (Hans Billian)
1973: **BADEMEISTER REPORT** (Sergio Casstner)
BRIEFTRÄGER REPORT (Gerd Hartig)
FRÜHREIFEN REPORT (Ernst Hofbauer)
HAUSFRAUEN REPORT 5 (Eberhard Schröder)
SCHLÜSSELLOCH REPORT (Walter Boos)
SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 5 (Ernst Hofbauer)
SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 6 (Ernst Hofbauer)
SEX-TRÄUME REPORT
 (aka **LIEBESTRÄUME REPORT**) (Walter Boos)
TANZSTUNDEN REPORT (John Wehrhahn)
TEENAGER REPORT (Robert Furch)
VERTRETERINNEN REPORT
 (aka **LIEBE ZWISCHEN TÜR UND ANGEL**) (Ilja von Anutroff)
1974: **SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 7** (Ernst Hofbauer)
SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 8 (Ernst Hofbauer)
1975: **SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 9** (Walter Boos)
SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 10 (Walter Boos)
1976: **INSERATEN REPORT** (Harry Reisch)
SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 11 (Ernst Hofbauer)
1977: **HAUSFRAUENREPORT SEX/6** (Eberhard Schröder)
1978: **SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 12** (Walter Boos)
1979: **SCHULMÄDCHEN VOM BAHNHOF ZOO** (Walter Boos)
1980: **SCHULMÄDCHEN REPORT 13** (Walter Boos)
1982: **BABY STRICH IM SPERRBEZIRK** (Otto W. Retzer)
1983: **BEI ANRUF LIEBE**

Franco, definitely a director with his own (often blurred but ever voyeuristic) vision and "look," is by far the superior director. Frank's work, on the other hand, always lacks visual feeling, exciting stories, and a sense of timing and eroticism. Nevertheless, his entries **ZUM ZWEITEN FRÜHSTÜCK HEISSE LIEBE** (trans.: **HOT SEX FOR A SECOND BREAKFAST**) and **HOCHZEITSNACH REPORT** (trans.: **WEDDING NIGHT REPORT**) are entertaining, even if for the wrong reasons. The former shows extremely static camera work, absurd editing, and bizarre dialogue. For example, while Ingrid Steeger watches a group of children playing, she thinks, "Do all those kids know who their parents are?" Great trash with lots of laughs from really bad actors.

HOCHZEITSNACH REPORT is a prime example of tastelessness à la Hubert Frank. Little episodes about the wedding night are the backdrop for a "funny" series of pranks. Ingrid Steeger and Konstantin Weckner are the only highlights of this otherwise inept film.

Other early examples of report films of interest are **LIEBE UNTER 17** (trans.: **LOVE UNDER 17**) from Veit Relin, **EHEPAAR SUCHT GLEICHGESINNTES** (trans.: **COUPLE SEARCHING FOR THE SIMILARLY MINDED**), **DAS EHRLICHE INTERVIEW** (trans.: **THE HONEST INTERVIEW**), and **JUNGFRAUEN REPORT** (trans.: **VIRGIN REPORT**). **LIEBE UNTER 17** is a direct precursor of the "Schulmädchen Report" series and features young couples, first love, rape while hitchhiking, groupies (groovy!), sex at the drive-in (yeah!), and lesbians ("Men are stubby and always scratchy."). The real pleasure of this film is the stark realism and dated dialogue, such as "I never even did it," "Well, then, have something to eat first." Really great trash!

EHEPAAR SUCHT GLEICHGESINNTES (directed by Franz Josef Gottlieb) is a very serious film with a message . . . or so it seems. The exploitation potential is low, but if you look closely, you can spot now-famous, then-very-young actors among those interviewed on the streets.

DAS EHRLICHE INTERVIEW involves four (fake) interviews (also featuring some now famous actors) about sexual problems and their solutions, as presented by a psychiatrist. These solutions are easy and most certainly will not work in real life, thus adding schlock value to an otherwise okay film by Werner M. Lenz.

Jess Franco's **JUNGFRAUEN REPORT** is something special: a mix between a mondo film and a report film with great interviews filmed in Berlin. Unlike all the other discussed report films, this film does not set out to show only modern societal views, but historical and international opinions as well. Stone Age rites, African tribes (all mock, of course), and today's youth are featured. The film's theme is still considered too strong and taboo. A recent re-release in Germany on sell-through video had to be cut by an astounding eleven minutes be-

cause of the full frontal nudity (male and female) and the bloody defloration rituals. Some of the scenes are obviously taken from other films and seem to lead nowhere but great sets, like the "beat store," add to the overall positive aspects of this trash epic.

Around the time that the report films were popular, other non-report films were released, or re-released with "report film" titles. Beware of **STUDENTINNEN REPORT** (trans.: **STUDENT GIRL REPORT**), a Greek/German sex film; **CALL GIRL REPORT** (which is actually **RED-WHITE-BLUE** by Beverly and Fred Sebastian;

PORT (trans.: **HOTEL ROOM REPORT**), which is the retitled American **ROOM 11** by Bud Irwin from 1972, **OSTFRIESENREPORT 1 & 2** (Walter Boos sex comedies), and **SKIHASERL REPORT** (trans.: **SKI BUNNY REPORT**), a/k/a **SCHNEEKATZENREPORT** (trans.: **SNOW CAT REPORT**), which is not a report film at all—just plain exploitation, and not very good. ♀



CREAMSCHWABING REPORT by Leon Capetanos, which is more of an Art film, made in connection with Andy Warhol's Factory and with a soundtrack by Can; **LIBIDO—DAS GROSSE LEXIKON DER LUST** (trans.: **LIBIDO—THE BIG ENCYCLOPEDIA OF LUST**), a German/Italian co-production with a report film style and theme, but due to its origin, not really a German report film; **HOTELZIMMER RE-**

Graf Haufen, known to his friends as Mr. Slut, is the publisher of the breathtaking and indispensable book **OBSESSION: THE FILMS OF JESS FRANCO**.

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You HAVE TO
HORSEWHIP
your wife!

BY TOM (Ten-Lash) AUGUSTA

Elmon Mickle

"If you catch your wife shacking, I say give her a shellacking!" These words are the pronouncement of a most remarkable man, Justice Shamus Montvale Xavier O'Leary of the Illinois Circuit Court, and they were uttered not in a barroom but from the eminence of the judge's bench. Although an Irish twinkle may have accompanied the august decision, it was the strictly legal *finis* of a much-touted court case.

It all started when a 26-year-old blonde swore out a warrant against her husband for beating her across the rump with an ivory-handled whip. She said hubby whacked her simply because she excelled him as a horse comber. Hubby had a

tell you, boys, *the news is good!*

Dames cannot only be horsewhipped, but you'll find the law and even the church backing you up on pasting milady's backside. Just listen to this. Or these, rather:

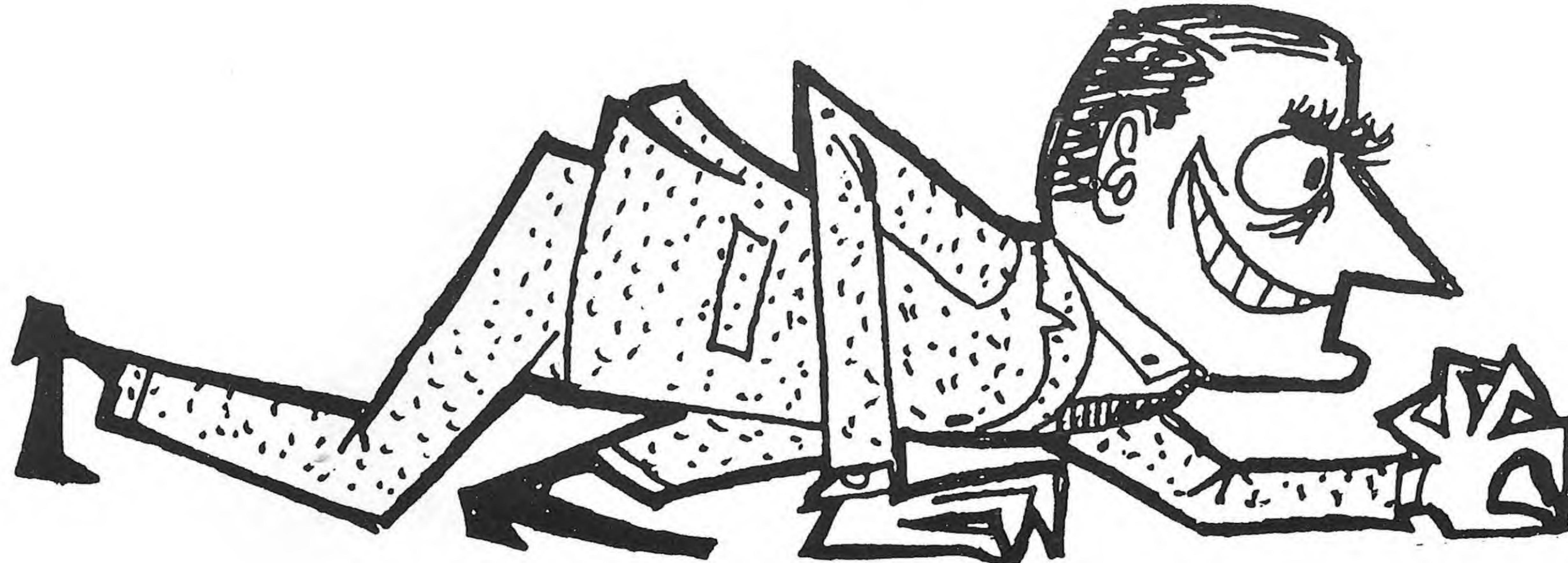
Item: On June 12, 1954, a London magistrate ruled that an Englishman could horsewhip his wife, providing that the whip is "no thicker than a man's little finger."

Item: On December 6, 1954, India's Parliament passed a bill legalizing the whipping of two-timing wives and all females "willfully entering compulsory prostitution" . . . which is another way of

defendant—soaked with a 30 day sentence—if he had anything to say, the defendant answered, "This means I won't be able to pound her fanny again until September 20th." The judge cut 10 days off the sentence.

But enough of research. Let me get down to the psychological goose pimples. What's the sense of allowing some woman to drive you to drink or dyspepsia, when you can beat the stuffing out of her?

Why find escape in orange gin, thirty-six holes of golf, or divorce? A horsewhip is cheaper—and you can still have her. We now proceed to make sense out of horsewhipping a woman who deserves it.



somewhat different version. He said he whipped her fanny after it had been given freely to the manager of a riding stable. In a hotel room, yet.

"What," asked Justice O'Leary, "is a horse comber?"

"A horse comber," replied the gal's attorney, "is a person who takes a comb and combs a horse with it."

That, the judge said sagely, made sense. But there was no sense at all in the blonde's claim that her husband had no legal right to whip her rear. Here's what the Honorable Shamus said from the bench:

"Under the law, cruelty must consist of violence great enough to endanger a woman's life. A wallop across the rump of an undeniably adulterous wife does not endanger her life. A man may slap his wife as hard as he wants to, or whip her, if he doesn't inflict serious injury. If more unfaithful wives were shellacked there would be much less shacking."

This tasty morsel of legality stirred up a lather of horsewhipping research. Let me

saying that the only way a woman is forced into the life of a floozie is by forcing herself.

Item: In the spring of 1950, when the sap was running in the shillelagh, a Dublin judge advocated the horsewhipping of errant wives. Said he, logically, "A woman's skin is no tenderer than a man's."

Item: In Richmond, Va., July, 1955, a magistrate dismissed a horsewhipping complaint brought against the man who said he whupped her because she wouldn't kiss him until he, first, kissed her French poodle. "The damned dog has asthma!" shouted the distraught defendant.

Item: The pastor of a Baptist church in southern Georgia appeared as a complainant in court, but a baffling one for the judge. The good deacon said, standing next to the bruised side of a woman accusing her husband of horsewhipping her with the arm of a horsehair sofa, "Judge, I am in favor of whipping this adulterous female, but I still wish to complain against the husband who whipped her. He only whipped her a little, judge!" The judge dismissed the case.

Item: In Detroit last year, a pixy-minded magistrate behaved thus: He sentenced a boilermaker for the sixth time for beating up his spouse and when he asked the

The curse she inflicts on us generally falls under these headings: Nagging, Prevarication, Changeable Moods, Unreliability (i.e., "shacking"), and Trying-to-Take-Over.

If you will kindly hold the orange gin bottle steady, I'll pull the cork with my own store teeth and get on to the first:

NAGGING

This one seems to top the list. Spouts one of the sufferers: "My wife is a sweetheart except for one gimmick—she nags. She can't do it all the time, naturally, because it takes most women a couple of days to dream up something to nag about. I figure I got it every other day—until I tried the whip. Now she takes seven days to work up a good nagging subject."

"The longest assault I can remember lasted from a Thursday night, when she accused me of not fixing the stopper in the toilet bowl, until the following Wednesday afternoon when I left the office early to do the job. Thus I gave up an opportunity to go out with that office brunette, the nice one with the braces on her teeth."

My friend, Bernie, says he cured his spouse of what he calls the "roundabout nag" by buying a small horsewhip and

installing it, without comment, in the umbrella stand. The roundabout nag goes like this:

If she wants you to clean out the cellar, she will say that winter is just around the corner and she wishes she had the room to store four trunks, a baby carriage and her mother's 1912 sewing machine. She repeats this wish in the morning, at supper and going to bed at night. She never mentions outright the *place where* this room ought to be found. But you know. (*Fifteen lashes.*)

PREVARICATION

This disorder is a close relative of nag-

gets it. This is the ingenious covering up of ignorance on a sexy subject which she knows all about. Why, damn it, only last Tuesday night in bed (*Six and one-half lashes.*)

CHANGEABLE MOODS

Women, it says here in the Kinsey How-to-do-it book, tend to be moody. Hundreds of guys tell the familiar and dismal yarn about they never know how the wife will be when they get home from the office. If she has had trouble with the milkman, or if the roast pork burned, no loving tonight. Or maybe you come home and find her gay, complacent, and w-a-r-m. Boy, this is it. And then she spots the package

ing him up during business hours; asking him to report with whom he ate lunch, even what he ate.

"Women, of course, are in competition with other women. They fear growing older and losing their attractiveness. They know for a fact that the male is by instinct a philandering animal and therefore cannot be entirely trusted."

Now, doc, wait a minute. While your explanation does a good job on shaking the clinkers out of the psychiatric furnace, there's a couple of hot coals you've overlooked. That's why we're all for this pro-horsewhipping legislation. *Most dames, if they want to, can make themselves mighty disagreeable.*



ging. But it has subtle differences. Very often it is the nagging approach with a goddamn lie tacked on the end. Here's a sample which probably could be remedied by massaging the rump with a No. 6 bullwhip:

You come home and tell her the slightly off-color joke the Boss made a special trip into your cubby-hole to relate. "It's the farmer's daughter story in reverse," you chortle. "The traveling saleslady, instead of the salesman, comes to the farmer's door and says she has no place to sleep for the night. So the farmer tells her if she really wants to stay she'll have to share the bedroom with, not the farmer's daughter, but the farmer's son. Get it?"

"Hah! Hah!" she yells. "Isn't that a cute story?"

"Wait a second!" you bellow. "This is the start of the story." But she goes right on laughing while you rush on to the real juicy details with the final smasheroo where the farmer's son is standing out in the fields two weeks later and says to the old man

Right there she stops laughing. "I just don't get it," she says. But you know she

under my arm, which actually contains the sizzling negligee you bought for the occasion, and then you hear her bark, "So you're going down the cellar again tonight and build another one of those Chinese lanterns!" All this before you have a chance to kiss her or open your mouth. The cure? Come home some night with a long, thin box. "Oh, flowers!" she cries. Nope, a 12-gauge folding horsewhip.

UNRELIABILITY

Does this really need explaining, Buster? And we're not referring to her overdrawning at the bank, buying needless clothes, running up a charge account. We're reminding you of what the Hon. Shamus said at the beginning of this piece.

TRYING-TO-TAKE-OVER

Dames like to keep what they have, and this covers a lot of territory—from holding on to their men and their othermen to love letters, old soap coupons, or grandfather's chamber pot. How do you know when she's trying-to-take-over? Listen to the famous psychiatrist, Dr. Louis Bisch:

"By possessiveness I mean the woman's holding on in an exaggerated way—not giving the husband freedom enough; call-

They can do this to other females as well as to men, but it's the men who scream louder. Know why? Because dames understand other dames and do not take their contrary ways too seriously.

But why should the average male get into a mental sweat trying to figure this out?

If you feel the blood of your cave-man progenitors rising in you, and you are moved to give her a snap of the whip, do it.

If you are jealous of your wife's carryings on with other men, and you believe that a good way to cure her of such faithless habits is to give her a nice, old-fashioned shellacking, do it with No. 17-B Junior Horsewhip, with exclusive tassel-tip.

It's not a case of whether horsewhipping is legal; it's just more or less a husband's marital duty.

As for me, I've just received a fresh shipment of No. 17-B. Right now I'm all out of stove handles. ♀

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THE SECRET SEX LIFE

I guess I'd always wanted to make movies, but this is not something you can do. It's very technical, if nothing else. I'd been a sculptor after art school, and decided to be a photographer, and was strongly influenced by Andre de Dienes. I got to know him, volunteered some of my sculpture to be in his photos. (He, I and Marilyn Monroe went househunting for her in 1951.) I began seriously photographing nudes (which was my interest) in 1958.

The first nude I shot (excluding girlfriends and my wife) was Diane Webber, against an 18-foot-high wall of sculpture I was making in a rented barn in the Malibu hills. I sold that first set right away—and in fact, it sold for almost 20 years!—and I did others, but I didn't really get into it until 1960.

In 1961 I shot stills on my first nudie-cutie in Searchlight, Nevada (I'm blanking on the title, but it had Virginia Gordon in it), and all during the 60s I shot still photos on all kinds of naked lady movies—**KISS ME QUICK (DR. BREEDLOVE)**, **KNOCKERS UP** (where I met one of the great loves of my life), **THE BUTLER DID IT**, **COUPLED**, **THE HIPPIES AND THE SQUARE**, **NORMA**, **THE JOYS OF JEZEBEL**, **MATINEE WIVES**, **ONE MORE TIME**, **LAST STEP DOWN**, **PINOCCHIO**, **LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AND HIS WIFE**, **SOUTHERN COMFORTS**, **ASTRO-NAUGHTIES**, **COME PLAY WITH ME**, **CASTING CALL**, **HOT AS HELL**, **KAMA SUTRA '71**, **PARADISE LUST**.

I was to do **THE SECRET SEX LIVES OF ROMEO AND JULIET**, but Harry Novak found someone to do it cheaper, so I was stuck with only playing a part, something which was unusual (I wasn't directing or taking pictures, so we just played grab-ass). I did the Prince of Verona. In one scene I was right up front with the married Vincene Wallace who I'd not fooled around with at all, and we got so hot I think if we had been in the back of the orgy we'd have done it for real. (Two years later she called me up from Seattle, said she had left her husband and could she come live with me? I said, "You mean, like in sin?" She did. We toured the USA in 1973, en route to me being Guest of Honor at the Toronto World Science Fiction convention, and I

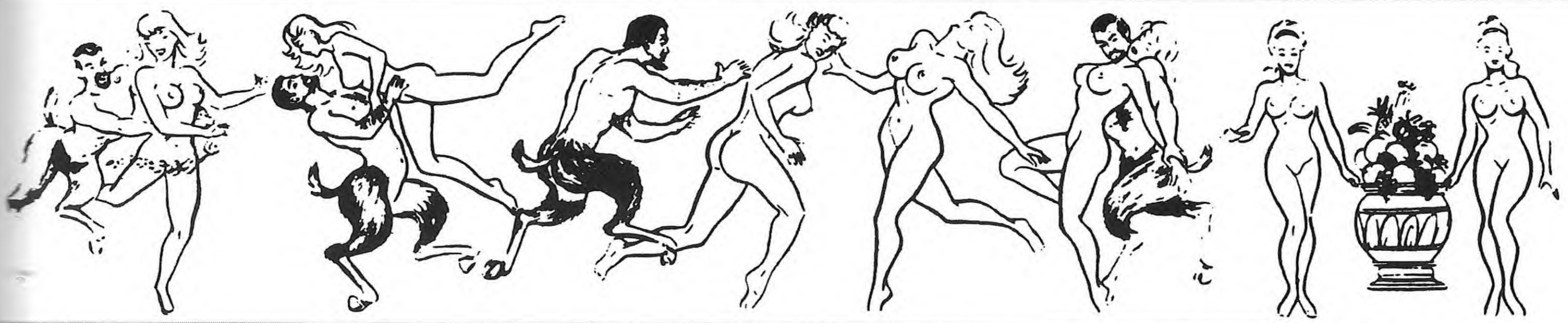
took nudes of her everywhere.)

I also did stills on **THE EXOTIC DREAMS OF CASANOVA**, **DROP OUT**, **BELLOW THE BELT**, **COUNTRY CUZZINS**, **SWEET GEORGIA**, **PLEASE DON'T EAT MY MOTHER**, **LITTLE MISS INNOCENCE**, **THE NOTORIOUS CLEOPATRA**, **THE NOTORIOUS DAUGHTER OF FANNY HILL**, where I played a part as well. (In fact, I did so much and took it to a local publisher, he started a magazine called **ADAM FILM WORLD** because of it.) I did many more, but I didn't own the negs, so I don't remember them.

In 1960 I thought I should learn how to make movies. Dwayne Avery and I did a lot of fun things—single-framing down Hollywood Boulevard at 700 mph (apparently), a cutie called **ROCK FIGHT**, and other stuff. About five or six minutes of film. One noon I went into a big, hip ad agency, Carson/Roberts, where Ken Sullet (an ad writer whom I'd met through Stan Freberg) worked. "Got something to show you," I said. "Great," he said, and grabbed his brownbag and went around gathering up *everyone* in the agency. I was embarrassed—it was only a few minutes of "fun film," not a product reel. The film was still running when one of the agency heads turned to the other and said, "We ought to have Bill do the Mattel film."

I was launched. I soon started my own industrial film production company, Nova Productions (which had to change to Greentree Productions when we found that Nova was a holding company for one film, **TWELVE ANGRY MEN**). My partner was Dan Easton, who had been a child actor (Little Danny Mummert, who had been the nasty boy next door in the "Blondie" movie series). In the next five years I did everything—product animation, live action, animation, writing, shooting, directing, editing, etc. for such companies as Carnation, McCullough Chain Saws, Mattel, Lockheed, etc. I had zoomed low over Lake Arrowhead in the Cinerama B-25, piloted by the legendary Frank Hill, for a beer commercial. I'd dropped out of helicopters, stood in front of Ben Hur chariots at full gallop, shot the first hot air balloon ascension, under official rules, with one of the famous Picard brothers,





OF WILLIAM ROTSLER

shot charging bulls in rodeos, etc.

All the time I was shooting nudes and doing stills. Then one day I said, "I know how to do *everything*. It's time." I went into Harry Novak's office and walked out with a two-picture deal. I know now and I knew then it was because Harry got me cheap.

Frankly, since so many of my early films were in cheap black-and-white I never thought they'd be put on tape. That, and the fact that they were Very Tame. In those days we weren't sure what we could show. No crotches or cocks, and breasts were not to be touched or "displayed prominently." No body part was to be "dwelled on." No real sex, of course—all the guys kept their pants on and the women their panties. Restrictions galore, but we were working in unknown areas then.

AGONY OF LOVE was used by theaters a lot for some years, I was told, when they'd first open as a sex film house, since it was so "cool," had a Moral, and was well-crafted by the standards of the time.

The lead was a busty stripper named Pat Barrington, whose pix I'd seen in stills from **ORGY OF THE DEAD**, and wanted instantly. I played the "artist" in the epic. She took me off at the end of shooting and had her way with me. For two or three weeks I'd edit at night, then pick her up at work and we'd do nasty things. The first night, I was in the saddle, as it were, and she raised me up off the bed. I had my hands on her bottom and she had lifted my 200 pounds right off the linen. "My god, you're so strong you could throw me out of bed!" I said, and she did! And without dropping back to the bed to get leverage, either! I stood up, said, "You know what they say about getting thrown."

She finally came to my house toward the end of these little sexual playoffs. I expected her at 2:30 a.m. or so. I lived in the Hollywood hills in one of those houses where you come in at ground level and the bedrooms are downstairs. When she came in, never having been there before, she found a dotted white line (of cut shirt cardboards) with a rose between each (roses grew with

wild abandon all over the lot). I'd heard her come in but it seemed to take her forever to get downstairs. Then I saw her backing down the stairs on her hands and knees, writing (it turned out later) a poem-part on each white card. She followed the dotted line to the foot of my bed, where there was a huge white X. She proceeded to do a full-production striptease at the foot of the bed. When she got into bed I took a gallon container of loose rose petals and scattered them all over her. Nothing that romantic, apparently, had ever happened to her.

The next morning the petals were withered, rolled-up black things, so I dumped the rest on her, and we started again.

I just looked at **AGONY OF LOVE** for the first time since 1965, and it seems very slow. True, I had cast the lead because I wanted to bed her, but she couldn't act, so all of her lines were dubbed—without even a picture to look at—by another former lover of mine, Gloria Saunders, who was in **CAPTIVE WOMEN, O.S.S.**, and played The Dragon Lady in the **TERRY AND THE PIRATES** series. The Corvette at the end was mine, and the bashed-in front end was the result of a slight accident, so it worked well.

I did **AGONY OF LOVE** and **THE GIRL WITH HUNGRY EYES** back to back. The first was an idea suggested by Harry Novak, and the other, he said, was to "do something with lesbians." He suggested the titles, too. About ten years later I found he had intended each title to be on the other film.

When I had shot and virtually finished editing them, Harry said to add "ten or fifteen minutes" to each, but gave me no money to do it (\$100 each, I think). Reason: they would be so heavily censored in Europe and in some areas of the US that there wouldn't be enough left to make a show. Why he didn't tell me this before, I didn't know. He probably didn't know. This is the reason so many scenes are dragged on—to gain time. I added the psychiatrist scene after Pat Barrington had used her movie money to get her nose changed and a new hairstyle—thus the dark glasses.





I had enough money for a camera, film, and one girl to add to **THE GIRL WITH HUNGRY EYES**. I played Vicky Dee's lover—as I come cheap—just a bit at the end in the first cut, but after Harry wanted more footage I shot the swimming pool dream, which ended very sexy, actually, when the camera stopped. So, by accident, I ended up as the male lead, you might say.

I had used water as a theme to shoehorn in the extra minutes, starting with the terminally-cute Vicky in a shower, who remembers her heterosexual affair. We cut to romantic interludes, then to both of us in my swimming pool. Now I'd talked a buddy, Mitch Evans, into turning the camera off and on, and while she was naked, I had on dark blue bathing trunks. Mitch said they showed, so I took them off. Now I'd used Vicky in countless photo sessions, and we were comfortable together, but this was the first time I'd been naked with her. This amused her no end, and despite being married, she started playing with my cock. Naturally, I got an erection.

I had blurred the lens for this dream-like sequence, added a star filter, so each drop of water would star up. I had her slightly oiled so the water would bead up. I lifted her up and she spread her arms and I let her slide back down. My erection went right into her. We could have practiced all day and not done that.

I pulled back at once and you can't see it on film, but it really turned her on. After that we did a scene faking making love in my harem tent. (Okay, okay, so I had a harem tent where many interesting things went on. Theodore Sturgeon, among others, pronounced it fantastic.) The moment we were done I looked at Mitch, he looked at me, and he vanished with the equipment and we continued without him. (Think of that if you ever see the picture.)

The Corvette Cathy Crowfoot drove was still mine. When she pulls into the slanted parking lot of Barney's Beanery to make a phone call, she forgot to set the brake and once she was out of the car it started to roll backward. I was festooned with expensive camera gear, which I couldn't just dump, so the Vette was well on the way to shooting out backwards into Santa Monica Boulevard when I flung myself on its back. I reached for the brake, but she had put it on just part way. I had no leverage, and there was a tripod in the passenger seat. I had to turn around, insert myself behind the wheel (which in a sports car is like putting on a glove), then put on the hand brake. Just in time, too.

Cathy, who was always very, very "cool," had her cool blown completely—a most unusual sight. An hour later, at my house in the Hollywood Hills, where the end is filmed, we stopped for a drink. Joanne Rotolo (the girl in the ad for **THE BARE HUNT** in the Something Weird Video catalog, and a/k/a Jody Lynn) was living with me then. I found her in the kitchen, wearing only panties, standing before the open refrigerator. For reasons I don't know she said, "Look!" and showed me the biggest clitoris I'd seen. "Go show Cathy," I said.

Cut to the living room. Cathy is looking the other direction. "Look at this," Joanne said, and when Cathy turned her head a contender for The World's Largest Clitoris was three inches away. Blew her cool, again.

I thought **AGONY OF LOVE** and the other black-and-white films were transferred from a not-so-good looking print, or the transfer itself was, um, casual. They look dim, with none of the good, crisp quality of the originals. I had done **AGONY OF LOVE** and **THE GIRL WITH HUNGRY EYES** at \$15,000 each, **SUBURBAN PAGANS** and **FOUR KINDS OF LOVE** for about \$11,000 each. No wonder I couldn't get real actors.

PAGANS and **FOUR KINDS** were ad-libbed. I scripted only the first part of **FOUR KINDS**. Harry Novak, who never ever called me, called me up and started telling me how bad my films had done. Which told me right away he wanted me to do more. I asked if he wanted budgets like the previous films (\$15,000), and he said yes. I wrote half-page outlines, he selected two, and I worked a week to get them down. He said, "too much," so I worked and worked. I had cut all the fat and was into meat when I finally asked what budget he did want. Ten to eleven thousand, he said, which annoyed me.

If you are going to do the invasion of Normandy you don't do it on a \$1.98 budget; you pick a squad or a team, and do it as best you can within that budget. So I wrote stories you could do at that VERY low budget in the late Sixties. They okayed two new ideas and wanted a script. I heard myself saying, "No. You want two scripts or two movies?" They said, of course, they wanted movies, so I said to just give me the money and leave me alone. They annoyed me.

Everyone in the film had fun. I knew most of these women pretty well, and would cast them accordingly, but said they had to "act" when they were really just being themselves. I was in it and Mitch Evans, an improvisational-trained friend. I'd give everyone an idea of the scene, and we would wing it. They said they never had so much fun making movies. Only once did no one talk, and only once did two people talk at once.

But Novak gave some film to a new lab as a gesture of good will and they screwed it up. I had to re-shoot. This gave me an opportunity to fill up holes...and more fun.

One of the actresses had been after me for months—the busty blonde—and when we wrapped she said, "Now, can we do it now?" I had a house full of cast and crew and the lady I was living with (we were breaking up) was out of the house. She came on strong, and one of the actors wanted in on it, too, and we didn't know a nice way to get him out. We were trying to get it up on the bed—when you make these features you KNOW you aren't going to get laid, so you don't get an erection, usually—but neither of us were getting anywhere. The lighting guy kept wrapping and moving lights and finally said, "Are you guys gonna do it or not?"

We moved into the shower (seen in that and many of my films) and she did EVERYTHING she could but neither of us were hard. It just seemed so weird after all the time of "not." Finally I got about half an erection, then he did, and we moved to the bed. But I kept hearing the cast and crew and just couldn't concentrate. I left her with him—not what she wanted—to pay everyone off, and we never did make it, ever.

You couldn't show real sex in these things, not even feel a breast (on camera), not even a good simulation, so we did a lot of cutaways, fooling

PHOTO: PAT BARRINGTON IN **AGONY OF LOVE**

around, etc., and today that seems damned quaint.

I'm also the writer-director of **FOUR KINDS OF LOVE**, and of **SUBURBAN PAGANS**, using the pseudonym of Shannon Carse. (They were shot back-to-back and used parts of the same cast in both.) I think I used Carse on **SHANNON'S WOMEN**, too, or maybe I used it as the sex-film director's name, which I played. The film is jerky and has jump cuts which are the fault of the print used to transfer—not my editing. The lab also lost a roll of film by putting it in the silver recovery vat instead of developer, which required a re-shoot, so I rough-cut both **SUBURBAN** and **FOUR KINDS**, then got everyone together to bridge the losses.

LIKE IT IS was made from a number of silent mail-order (8mm) films shot in 16mm, but I really had fun putting it together. Very "psychedelic" and I did all the "effects" for \$1.98. It was filled with ladies I've known Biblically including late 1960s footage of Los Angeles "love-ins" and of Haight-Ashbury. (The guy who stole the 8mm film for **LILA** had it blown to 35mm!)

Of the 27 films I've done, **MANTIS IN LACE** and **A TASTE OF HOT LEAD** (which sometimes may be known as **THE HOUSE OF PAIN AND PLEASURE**, or just **HOT LEAD**—don't ask me why) are the two films I did not write.

The house in **SUBURBAN PAGANS** and **FOUR KINDS OF LOVE** was my house and it was nostalgic to see the place high in the Hollywood Hills again. As those few short years passed that house was the scene of many wonders. It was transferred into a kind of harem tent inside, which you can see in **TASTE OF HOT LEAD**.

I was going to do a picture for Harry Novak in 69 or 70 about a hit man; then almost at the last minute they had a fight with the money-man (who I think got into it for sex, a common enough reason), and they parted. The accountant apologized, I said that's the way it is, we hung up. Two minutes later he called back. He'd gone in to see Novak to break the news, and Pete Perry was there, who said, "You mean Bill is available?" (Like I was some hot director.)

Pete said, "There's this film coming out called **THE GODFATHER**. Could your story [about the Mafia] be retitled?" I said no, but I'd write a new one, which I did.

I auditioned and cast a sexy blonde, who could act a bit. We shot the end of the film first, on an abandoned farm miles in the country. The second bad guy has staked out a whore (the blonde), put her out as they put goats out to attract tigers, terrorized her to attract the attention of the Good Guy (only slightly less bad than the Bad Guy). We do a take and there she is, having been shot dead, with a sweet smile on her face. I explain to her "no smile," and we are in the middle of the second take and the "terrorized" girl is still smiling. I rewrote the picture before I called "Cut!"

I hire another girl for one day's shooting; then she goes to the beach and is so sunburned—big red bands—that I can't use her. So Uschi Disgart finds me a stunning girl (Lois Maxwell, I think, was her name),

absolutely gorgeous, to be the third woman to play what in essence was the same part.

We're doing a fake sex scene, and she is brilliant. Then my assistant, who was sitting elsewhere, whispered that they did it for real. She thought she was supposed to and just put the guy in, and since I hadn't called cut, he went ahead.

One of the things I hated most about pseudo-sex scenes is that they are dull. I'd always wanted to do a scene with a time bomb under the bed, so the very thing that makes you bored does the opposite. I shot some hitmen looking at the hotel, taking guns out of a briefcase, attaching silencers, getting keys ready...meanwhile always cutting to the simulated sex scene. Building tension. Will the Good Guy be finished in time?

It worked well with the shoot-out that followed. Only, after I'd turned in the director's cut, Pete Perry wanted surprise, not tension, and cut everything out but the breaking in. Thus the couple in bed do jump cuts to this position and that. He moved sex scenes from the back of the film to the front, thus making it make no sense whatsoever. You look at two people doing it, then three others, then go on with the story. It's an abortion!

The negative cutter made terrible, sloppy mistakes. For example, we had no money for special or mechanical effects. Blanks for the guns were all. In one shot I had a guy run past a junk pile, and I put a real .38 slug in to explode a gallon jug. Only this was missed by the neg cutter, so you just stare at this jug a bit and go on. Perry ruined a well-constructed sim-sex film.

In one scene I had the voluptuous Uschi plus a black girl, who later became married to Richard Pryor, do a double bit on a john. I'd cast a rough, tough guy but the agency sent me a fella who...let's put this charitably...probably liked a different gender. Two of the sexiest women around, and this jerk doesn't even know where to put his hands, looked embarrassed and uncomfortable. Uschi saved the scene, and I wrote some quick dialogue to cover, but it was so dumb. We shot it in Harlan Ellison's house, by the way, and he is in a scene, though you don't see his face. Same with me; I'm all over the future Mrs. Pryor.

In **MANTIS IN LACE** (not my title) the same thing happens over and over, so I just shortened and shortened the routine to speed it up. But the lead was Lila, played by Susan Stewart (now a real estate agent in the San Fernando Valley, I heard), who couldn't act her way out of an open phone booth. But she was a "comes-with" with the script and budget, which was the biggest I had to that date (early 1968), a monstrous \$35,000.

The next film my cameraman, Lazlo Kovac, did after this was **EASY RIDER**.

MANTIS IN LACE was released as that; then the owner of several theaters in the Washington, D.C. area thought there wasn't enough blood in it—I had deliberately downplayed the blood—so he hired Susan Stewart again, even the same stage—and I shot the stills as she used my father's meat cleaver with wild abandon. Every time she struck, two fat guys below her would throw up a paper cup or two of fake blood. He

retitled it **LILA** because I think he didn't know what a mantis was.

The psychedelic sequence was made projecting motion picture film and slides on faces. The chopped-leg sequence was a big tan squash getting the axe. When Pete Perry was re-editing it, I saw that they had used a "psychedelic" film I had made for mail order, but they begged me not to get upset, as the Washington guy was a pain they just wanted to get out of their hair.

You see me in **MANTIS** as the guy who puts his hand on Pat Barrington's stomach. (She had become a blond and a belly dancer and was often known as Pat Berringer.) And I'm the bearded guy in **AGONY**, **SUBURBAN**, **FOUR KINDS**. The last two we ad-libbed—all the spoken dialogue you see was made up as you see it.

Something Weird Video was kind enough to send me copies of five of these films recently, along with two reels of trailers. Looking at the video of trailers was fun, too. I saw former lovers, one-night stands, and so on.

STREET OF A THOUSAND DREAMS was the result of a kind of hobby. Almost every time during the 60s when I shot a nude set, or did a whole (ha-ha) "nudist" magazine, I'd also shoot a few feet of 16mm. I had no real idea what I was going to do with any of it. Some of it showed up in **LIKE IT IS**. I'd load a 16mm Bolex and run it off past the punch marks as I was walking back to where the naked ladies were. It got so that they were so used to this they'd do crazy things, just for the fun of it. I remember Christine (the girl from the no-sex-in-the-shower incident) who, when I re-entered the bedroom, had hooked her hair "fall" in her pubic hair, was dancing on the bed, sucking at one of her big breasts.

Another time I had just finished reloading the Bolex when my huge sound man (Frank Coe) came into the room and dumped a very lumpy black camera changing bag on the bed. I started shooting. Frank unzipped the bag and here was a fine, round, perfect ass. He took a naked Karen Thomas out of it. She went Ta-Da! and he stuffed her back, threw in 16mm Kodak boxes and tried to put a trombone in, zipped it up. I'd shot a roll and had to reload.

I did a lot of POV footage, i.e. the camera was the point of view of the onlooker. I'd put my hand out, trail it across naked breasts and buns, sometimes as many as five women. Since it was a hand-wound Bolex I had only ten or so seconds, so I'd move down to "kiss" some portion of an anatomy, stop, rewind, start with a pull back from black. In one shot I went into the mouth of a girl I'd dubbed "Supertongue" and came out her vagina. It was all fun, and all the models cooperated. There was no sex.

In my backyard I'd made some arches and some Arabian-esque wall units, which I could shift around. I set-dressed the place with fabrics, screened overheads, pots, maybe an Arab (Mitch Evans). Then I'd go into a hanging over an arch, and "discover" beyond anywhere from one

to four slave girls. I'd "roam" over them, go on into the next piece of fabric, or "kiss" them. One of these pieces of film is Uschi Digart's first nude photo session and first movie session. (Uschi is a wonderful, highly intelligent, utterly charming woman, who I say is The World's Most Famous Figure Model, since probably more pictures of her have appeared in magazines than any other woman.)

But what was I to do with all this luscious footage? I was approached by a successful naked lady film producer we'll call Mr. Ripoff, for reasons you'll soon see. He seemed honest and we made a deal to use all this Arabian slave girl stuff and shoot new stuff to frame it. I went up to my family's ranch, used an empty building to construct a slave market set and a club interior. (One of the young assistants was the future excellent science fiction writer Tim Powers.) We shot at an airport (I hung a sign in Arabic on a fence saying this was such-and-such airport in Arabia), in a plane, etc. Then we did a slave auction, pseudo-sex scenes, etc.

Some time later we began to realize we were getting NO money out of the release of this film. Excuses, excuses. My partner saw him in a car, chased him across Hollywood, got the brush-off, and told him we'd be at his office at 9 in the morning for an accounting. When we arrived at 7:30 we saw him driving away. So I took a quarter-inch felt-tip marker and wrote our complaints on his office door, along with two cartoons, so everyone in the building understood our annoyance.

When we got together a few days later, he looked at me sadly, said (of the door), "That wasn't a nice thing to do." I looked at him with one of those looks with steel in it and said quite calmly, "Oh, don't worry, we won't do...that...again." He bought us out.

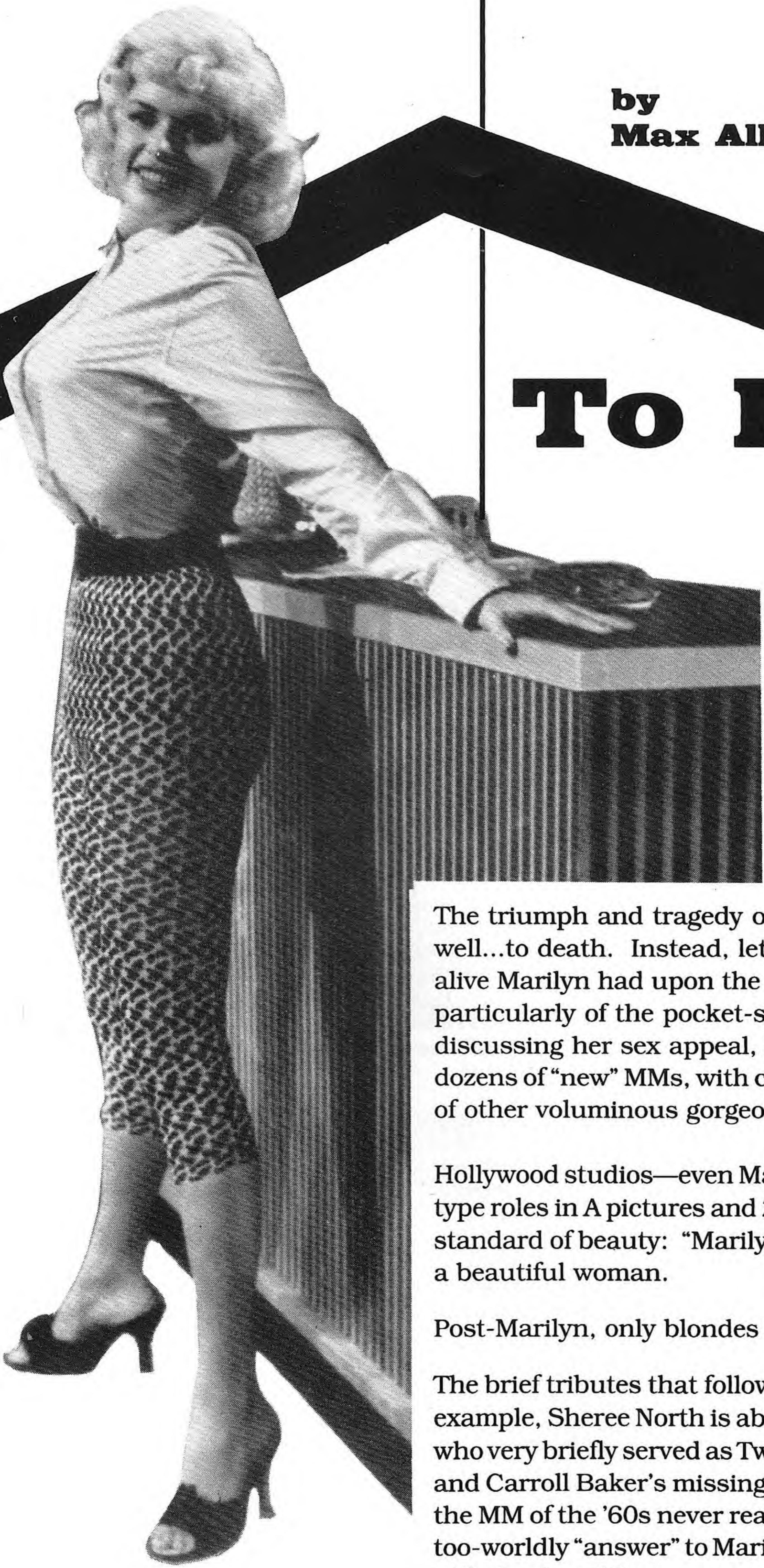
I was in San Francisco, courtesy of the Mitchell Brothers, shooting extra stills on a huge orgy for **THE RESURRECTION OF EVE**, along with a lot of reporters, even LIFE and a couple of TV stations. (They were eagerly shooting stuff they could never use!) It was wall-to-wall fornication and sundry perversions. I remember I stopped dead as I was crossing to stare at Johnny Keyes, who was lounging on a sofa, and Marilyn Chambers, who knelt on the sofa, fellating him. Every time she sucked in, her body undulated as if she was drawing him deep, deep, to the very end of her body. It was, and is, the most erotic fellation I've ever seen. No still picture would do it justice, and no movie camera was on them at the time. Later, when it was, they weren't doing it.

I did a book for Ballantine Books, in 1973, called **CONTEMPORARY EROTIC CINEMA**, and it did well. It had interviews in it with the Mitchells, Chambers, others.

It was a lot of fun, and you bedded a lot of beautiful women, the kind of let's-have-fun-no-strings-attached kind of sex. I got out of it because I was sick and tired of the Front Office and their dumb penny-pinching ways. Especially when not one of them had ever made a movie or knew how to, although they always said they knew "everything." ♩



Actor, photographer, director, artist, writer, and much, much more. William Rotsler is sexploitation's Renaissance man. Most of the intriguing efforts mentioned in this article are available exclusively from Something Weird Video.



by
Max Allan Collins

To Dye For

Marylin Monroe Wannabes

The triumph and tragedy of Norma Jean Baker has been explored, well...to death. Instead, let's look at the enormous impact the very alive Marilyn had upon the media of the 1950s. Men's magazines—particularly of the pocket-sized variety—featured countless articles discussing her sex appeal, her life and her loves, while introducing dozens of "new" MMs, with comparisons of her vital statistics to those of other voluminous gorgeous (or even not-so-gorgeous) blondes.

Hollywood studios—even Marilyn's own—looked for clones to fill MM-type roles in A pictures and Z pictures alike. America itself had a new standard of beauty: "Marilyn Monroe" became a virtual synonym for a beautiful woman.

Post-Marilyn, only blondes have had more fun.

The brief tributes that follow don't highlight *every* MM wannabe—for example, Sheree North is absent, that frequent men's mag pin-up girl who very briefly served as Twentieth Century Fox's surrogate Marilyn, and Carroll Baker's missing, too, the "baby doll" whose attempt to be the MM of the '60s never really flew. So is Great Britain's glowing but too-worldly "answer" to Marilyn, Diana Dors. Eventually, their stories will also be told.

For now, here are ten would-be Monroes, beginning and ending with the two most successful.

Kim Novak

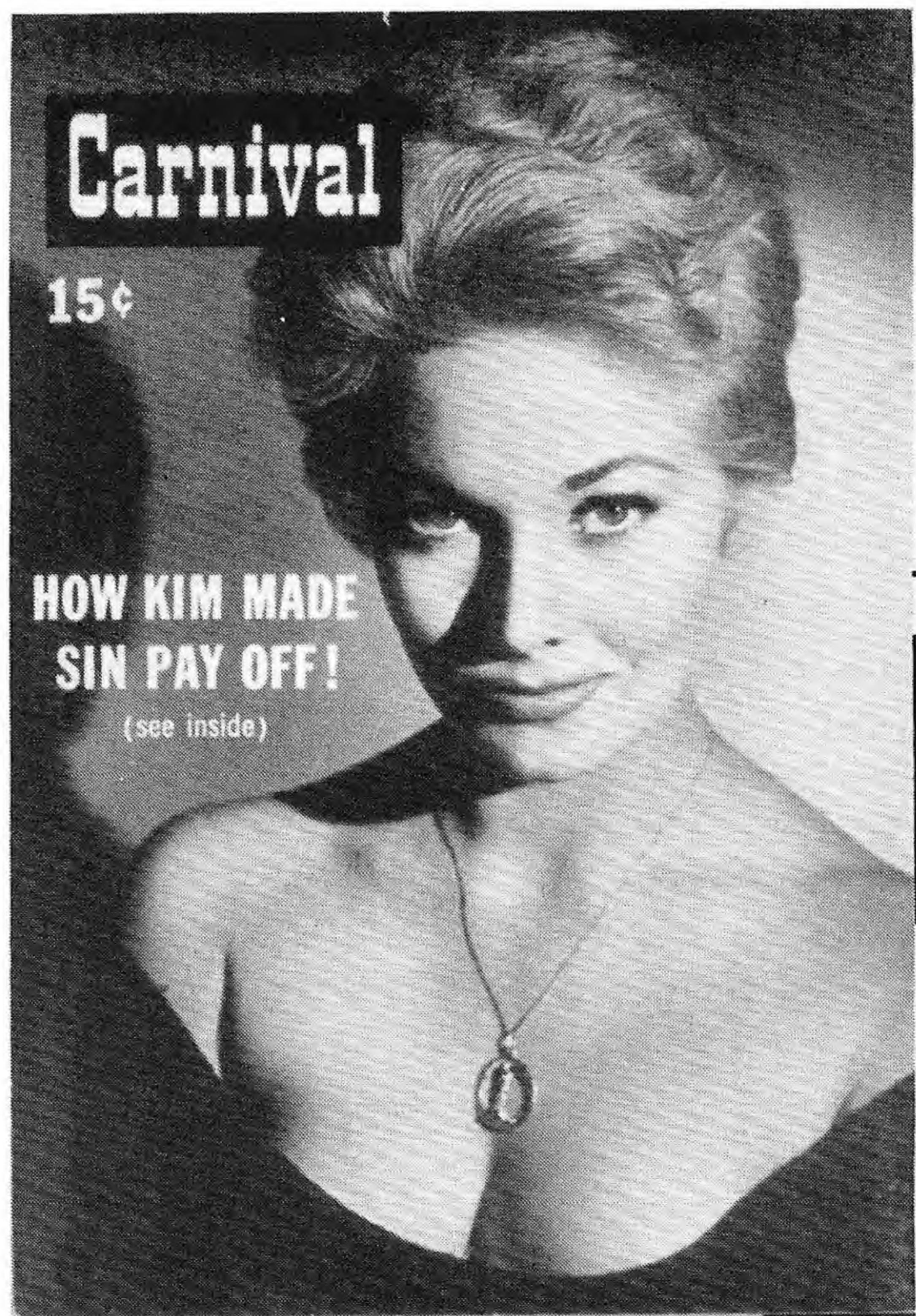
The most notable Monroe wannabe didn't really want to be Marilyn, although that was her real first name; but Columbia Studios honcho Harry Cohn had the one-time "Miss Deepfreeze" change "Marilyn" to Kim.

Kim Novak's brunette hair was soon icy blonde, and her drowsy, faintly self-conscious demeanor—her features were more delicate than Monroe's, her shape even more voluptuous—made the shyly sultry actress one of the most interesting, sexy screen presences of the 1950s and '60s.

Contemporary critics were often unkind to her, finding her stilted and unnatural; but time is treating her kindly, and her two starring performances with James Stewart have become cult favorites. Her beatnik-like modern witch in **BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE** (1958, from the John Van Druten play and probably the inspiration for the '60s TV series **BEWITCHED**) defined her screen presence; and her haunting role in **VERTIGO** (also '58) earned her a major slice of posterity: the once critically-dismissed film is now widely considered to be Alfred Hitchcock's masterpiece, with Novak's fragile performance as important as Stewart's tortured portrayal of a detective.

Her mesmerizingly sensuous dance to "Moonglow" in **PICNIC** (1955) further fixes her position as the only would-be Marilyn who made a significant mark on the movies.

One of the major box office stars of the '50s and early '60s, Novak left the screen after the sexy **TOM JONES** knock-off **AMOROUS ADVENTURES OF MOLL FLANDERS** (1965), only to make periodic comebacks, including TV appearances, when the spirit moved her.



Mamie Van Doren

Universal's "answer" to MM, Joan Lucille Olander (born 1933, Rowena, South Dakota) took "Mamie" from then-First Lady Mrs. Eisenhower, and combined it with "Van Doren" because "the studio thought I looked Dutch." Maybe, maybe not—but one thing's certain: she didn't look like Mamie Eisenhower.

The road-company MM, Mamie was a slightly younger sex symbol, well-suited for both j.d. pictures like **UNTAMED YOUTH** (1957) and **GIRLS TOWN** (1959) and junk-noir crime melodramas like **THE GIRL IN BLACK STOCKINGS** (1957) (possibly the inspiration for David Lynch's **TWIN PEAKS**) and **GUNS, GIRLS AND GANGSTERS** (1959), in which she gave a particularly poignant performance as a regretful bad girl who knows it's too late to change.

No Jayne Mansfield-like parody, her considerable presence bolstered modest singing/dancing/acting talents, and alone among major sex symbols she identified herself with rock 'n' roll (albeit not terribly convincingly). Tight sweaters, bullet bras, and a sense of humor also helped.

On the decline, she posed nude for **PLAYBOY**, promoting **3 NUTS IN SEARCH OF A BOLT** (1964), the dismal follow-up to Mansfield's notorious **PROMISES! PROMISES!** (1963). More nude spreads in lower-tier men's mags followed, as well as several entertaining, nudity-filled autobiographies for sleazy paperback lines (**MY NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY LIFE**, 1964, Holloway House, **I SWING** and **MY WILD LOVE EXPERIENCES**, both 1965, for Novel Books).

Her most memorable bad movies are the 1960 Albert Zugsmith epics **SEX KITTENS GO TO COLLEGE** and **THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE** (featuring Mickey Rooney as the devil!). Her sweater-girl turn as Russ Tamblyn's stepmother (!) in Jack Arnold's **HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL** is one of the truly prime, and intentional, camp performances of the campy '50s.

A rare survivor among sex goddesses, Van Doren's 1987 mainstream autobiography, **PLAYING THE FIELD**, chronicles a prolific love life with actors, sports figures, and other celebrities.

Jayne Mansfield

Mansfield so dedicated herself to exaggerating Monroe that she managed to out-do her role model even in tragedy.

Vera Jane Palmer (born 1934 in Pennsylvania) had one statistic more impressive than her 40-inch bust: a sky-high IQ, a fact not apparent in the way she conducted her career. Noticed on a publicity junket, Jayne moved from pin-ups to film bits—like her decorative cigarette girl in Jack Webb's wonderful **PETE KELLY'S BLUES** (1955)—soon landing a bigger part in the seamy Lawrence Tierney-starring *noir*, **THE FEMALE JUNGLE** (1956).

But her best, if cruelest, roles came in **THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT** (1956) and the film version of her Broadway hit, **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER** (1957), thanks to former Warners animation director Frank Tashlin, who used JM to lampoon the "American male's breast fetish"—most memorably by having Jayne hold two milk bottles to her bosom.

Basking in her celebrity, Mansfield was a frequent guest on variety and comedy television shows of the '50s and '60s, with effective appearances on such top programs as **STEVE ALLEN** and **THE JACK BENNY SHOW**. Her stormy marriage to muscle-man/sometime actor Mickey Hargitay was film-fan mag and gossip column fodder for years, and her pink-appointed mansion in Beverly Hills with its heart-shaped swimming pool was probably as famous as she was.

Her last flurry of fame was for former MM co-star Tommy Noonan's wretched nudie-cutie, **PROMISES! PROMISES!** She was alternating low-rent European films with sleazy nightclub appearances at the time of her 1967 traffic fatality.

The cover of the April 1956 issue of *Modern MAN* magazine features a large, black and white photograph of actress Jayne Mansfield. She is shown from the waist up, wearing a light-colored, sleeveless, gingham-style dress. Her right hand is resting near her face, and her left hand is on her hip. She has a playful, slightly mischievous expression. The title 'Modern MAN' is printed in large, bold, sans-serif letters at the top center. Below it, in smaller capital letters, is 'THE MAN'S PICTURE MAGAZINE'. To the right of the title, the price 'APRIL 1956 50c' is visible. On the left side of the cover, there are two smaller photographs: one showing a vintage car with the license plate 'AX 201-1' and another showing a man in a hat and coat. Below these images are captions: 'THE CAR THAT RAN 500,000 MILES' and 'THE BULLET MAGIC OF PANCHO VILLA'. At the bottom of the cover, the headline 'HOW NEW YORK DISCOVERED SEX' is prominently displayed.



Joi Lansing

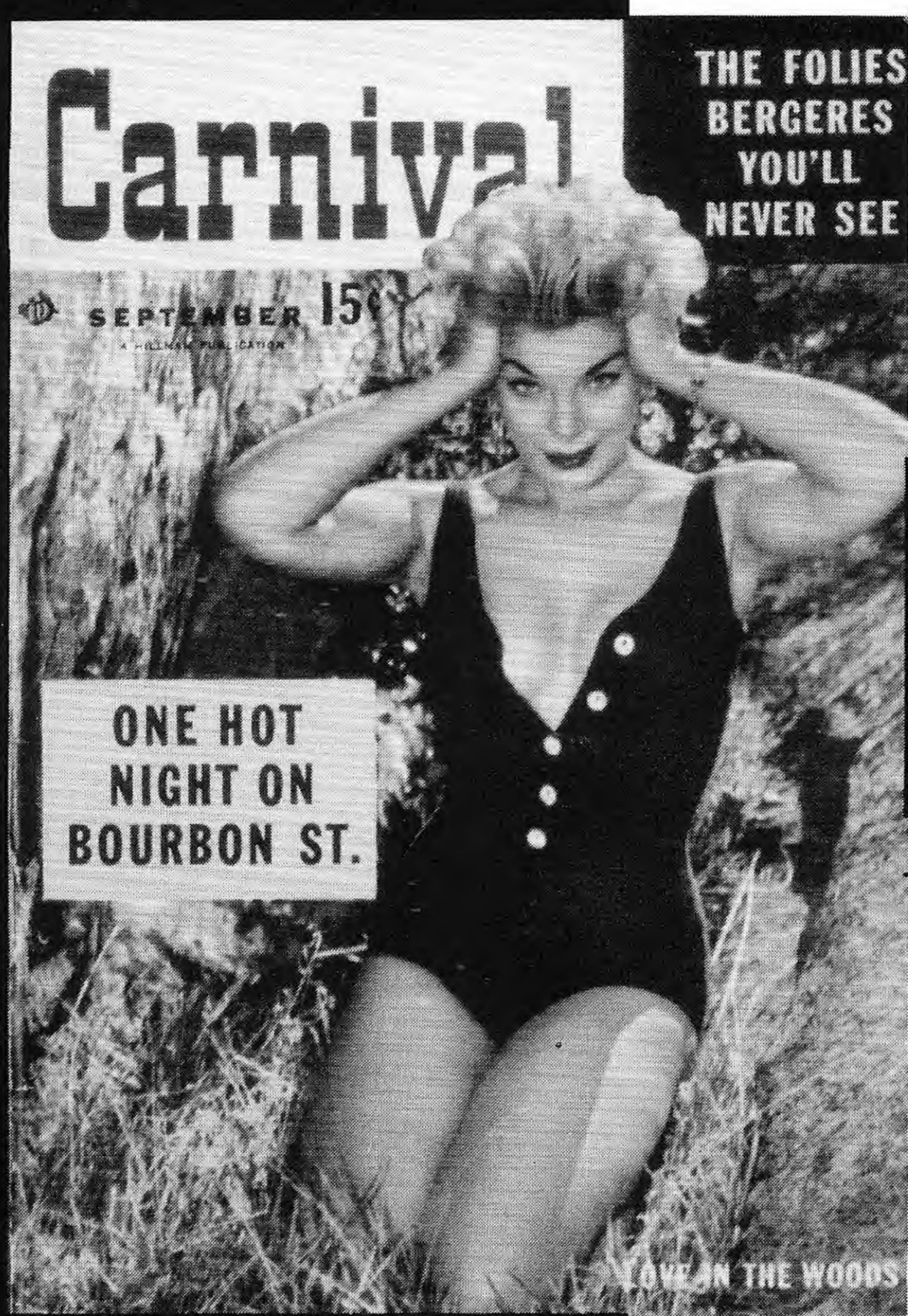
Gorgeous Joi, born in 1936, was a pneumatic, apple-cheeked wonder who never quite made the mark she should have. She played many bit parts as the shapely, sometimes not-so-dumb blonde—like Jayne Mansfield, Lansing had a high IQ, but unlike Mansfield, displayed it in interviews.

Two of her best, though typically small, roles were in Frank Capra's **A HOLE IN THE HEAD** (1959), as Keenan Wynn's bespectacled girl friend, and **WHO WAS THAT LADY?** (1960), where she and another of the best MM-style blonde tarts of '50s cinema, Barbara Nichols, teamed as the sexy Coogle sisters.

Despite her lack of major film roles, Lansing is well-remembered: if Mamie Van Doren was the road-company Monroe, Joi Lansing was the TV model. Her frequent appearances on such series as **LOVE THAT BOB**, **SUPERMAN** and **THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES** have allowed her to take permanent residence in the male baby-boomer memory bank.

In fact, one of the most vivid memories of my youth is attending a Merv Griffin TV show taping in 1965 on which Lansing appeared, articulately demonstrating her intellect while remaining a dazzling platinum-blonde vision in a tight sweater.

Like so many of these wonderful women, she died far too young—age 36.



Barbara Nichols

Barbara Nichols was appearing as a pin-up model as early as 1950, revealing a much softer, more photogenic Nichols than covers and layouts of the mid- and late-'50s would display.

By '57, Nichols had coarsened her image, possibly purposefully, having carved out a niche as a strong bit player, her comically harsh, grating voice relegating her to an outright burlesque of the MM-style blonde—as opposed to the leading-role parody of Mansfield.

Fun, increasingly plump, a lively singer and dancer, Nichols was a gifted comedy-relief comedienne with many major film appearances, notably **THE PAJAMA GAME** (1957), **PAL JOEY** (1957) and **THE LOVED ONE** (1965).

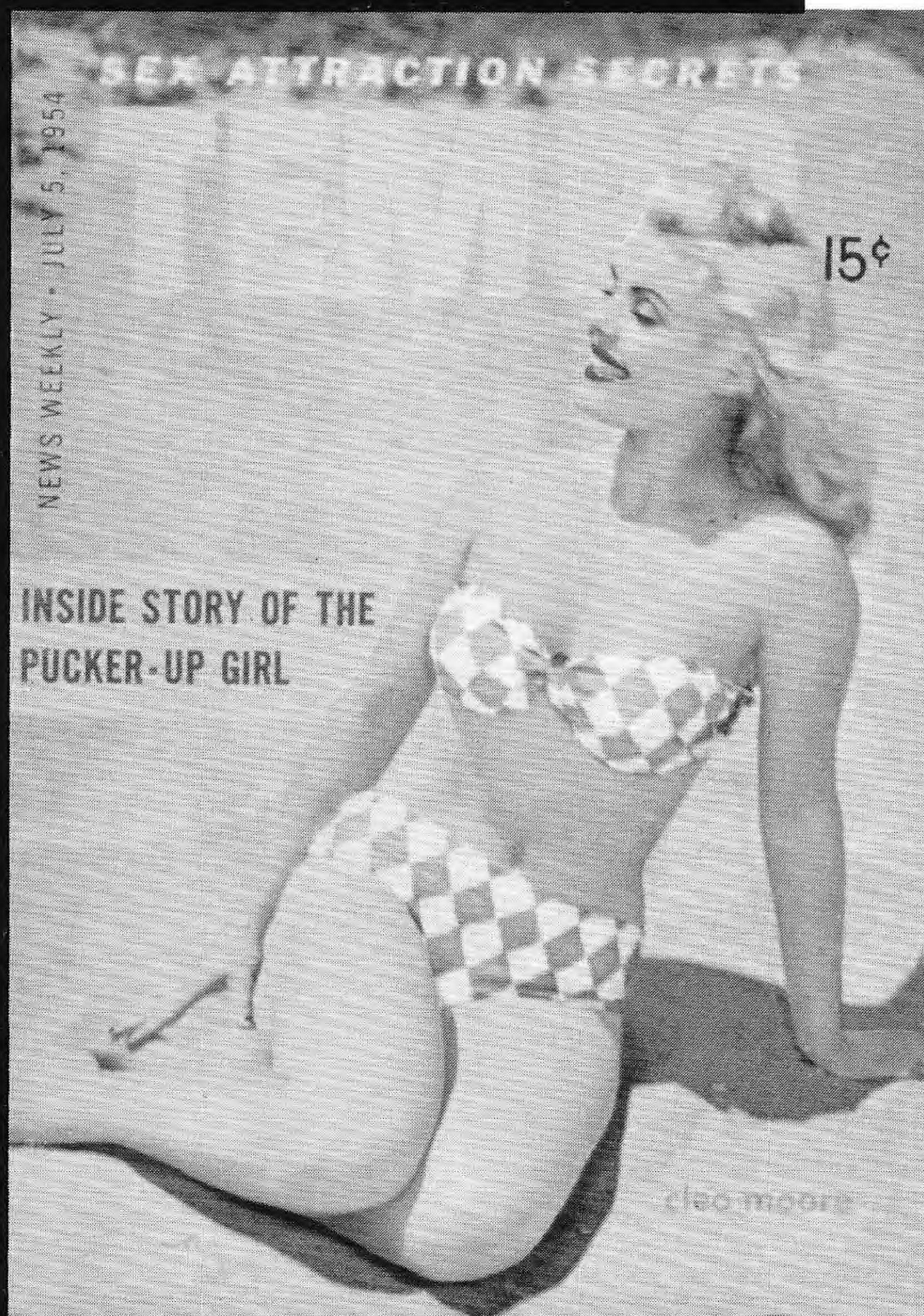
Like rival (and occasional co-star) Joi Lansing, Nichols had a strong career as a small-screen Monroe, most frequently portraying strippers, perhaps most memorably as "Brandy La France" in **THE UNTOUCHABLES** two-hour pilot film, "The Scarface Mob," and the series's first episode, "The Empty Chair." Brandy is a burlesque queen indirectly responsible for the death of her mousy husband, who undertook undercover efforts with the mob in an attempt to impress her. Nichols's funniest TV appearances were as Jack Benny's bored gum-chewing blind date.

She died, too young, in 1976.

Cleo Moore

Frequently cited as a "new" Monroe in men's mag spreads, blonde, buxom Cleo Moore had her own strong identity—world-weary wench, wary of the men who desire her, clinging to the shreds of a school-girl innocence. Some modern wise-guy critics dismiss her as "chunky" and her films with husband director/writer/actor Hugo Haas as campy trash.

Pin-up magazines of her day loved the buxom Cleo, and her wash-tub nude scene in the Haas-directed **BAIT** (1954) garnered at least as much press as the similar scene



by Pia Zadora decades later in **BUTTERFLY** (1981). Her publicity stunt of kissing radio-personality Jack Eigen in an attempt to set a smooching world record made her notorious.

But Moore was more than a publicity magnet: she was a gifted actress and glorious '50s "babe," and Hass a minor-league genius who made wonderfully lurid paperback-original-like movies, usually clever and often amazing variations on James M. Cain's **THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE**.

In their first (and best) collaboration, **STRANGE FASCINATION** (1952), concert pianist Haas sacrifices his art for slutty Cleo—both actors sympathetically portray their tragically flawed characters.

In **THE OTHER WOMAN** (1954), Cleo is an actress made to feel foolish by a likable if slightly pompous film director, played by director Haas himself, who becomes the target of her revenge. As a dizzying descent into despair, the film rivals Edgar Ulmer's **DETOUR** (1945), though nobody seems to have noticed. Again, Cleo elicits sympathy as an unlikely character, a sociopath this time. Despite the bizarre **FATAL ATTRACTION** extent of her revenge, Cleo's character is cloaked in a frustration and sadness grown out of her own sense of humiliation, which keep her from seeming a monster.

The Moore/Haas marriage didn't last, and Haas's non-Moore films are worthwhile viewing but less fun. After Moore's career came to a halt, she ran unsuccessfully for Lt. Governor of Louisiana (she was once married to Huey Long's son!) but then prospered in the real-estate business.

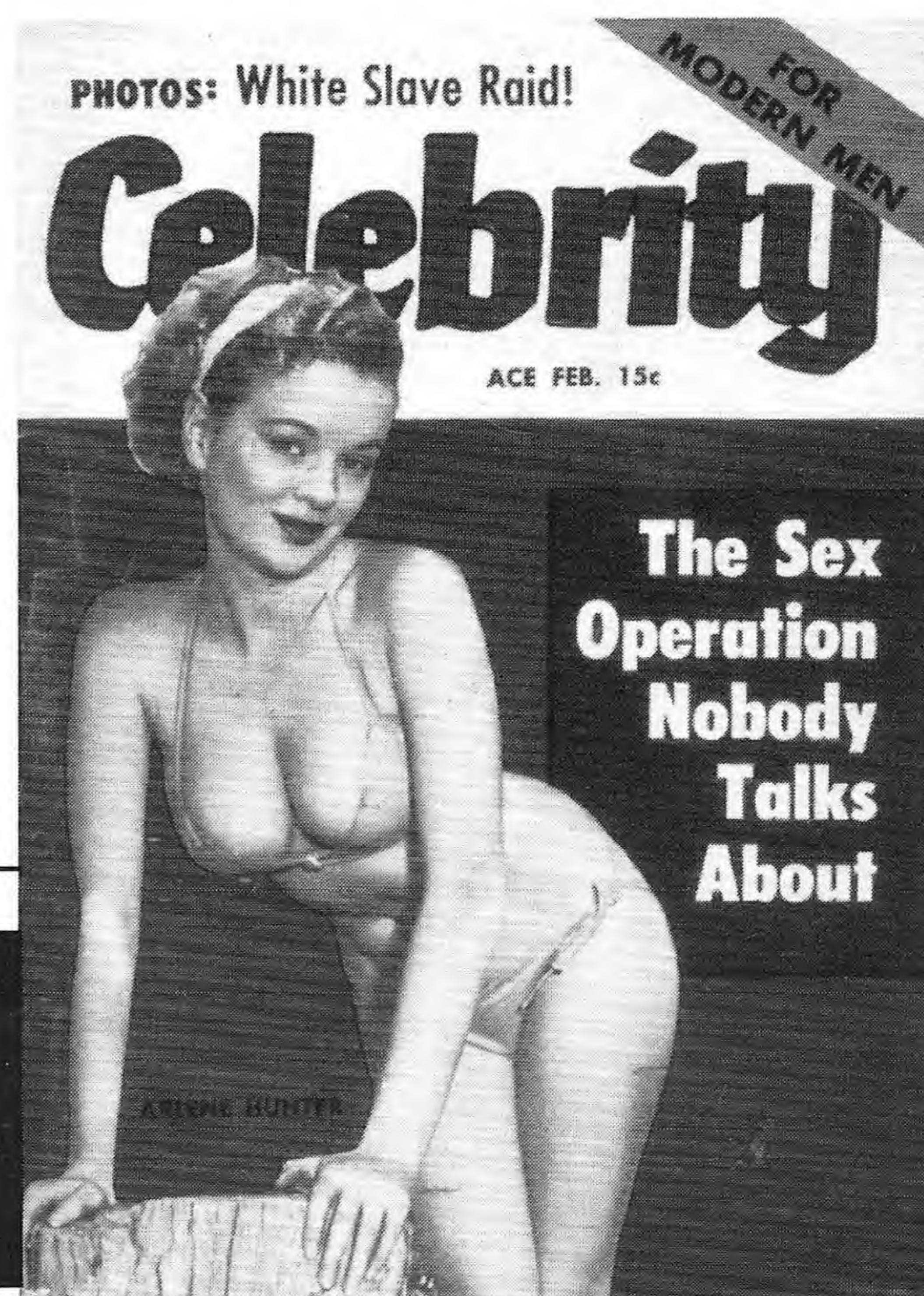
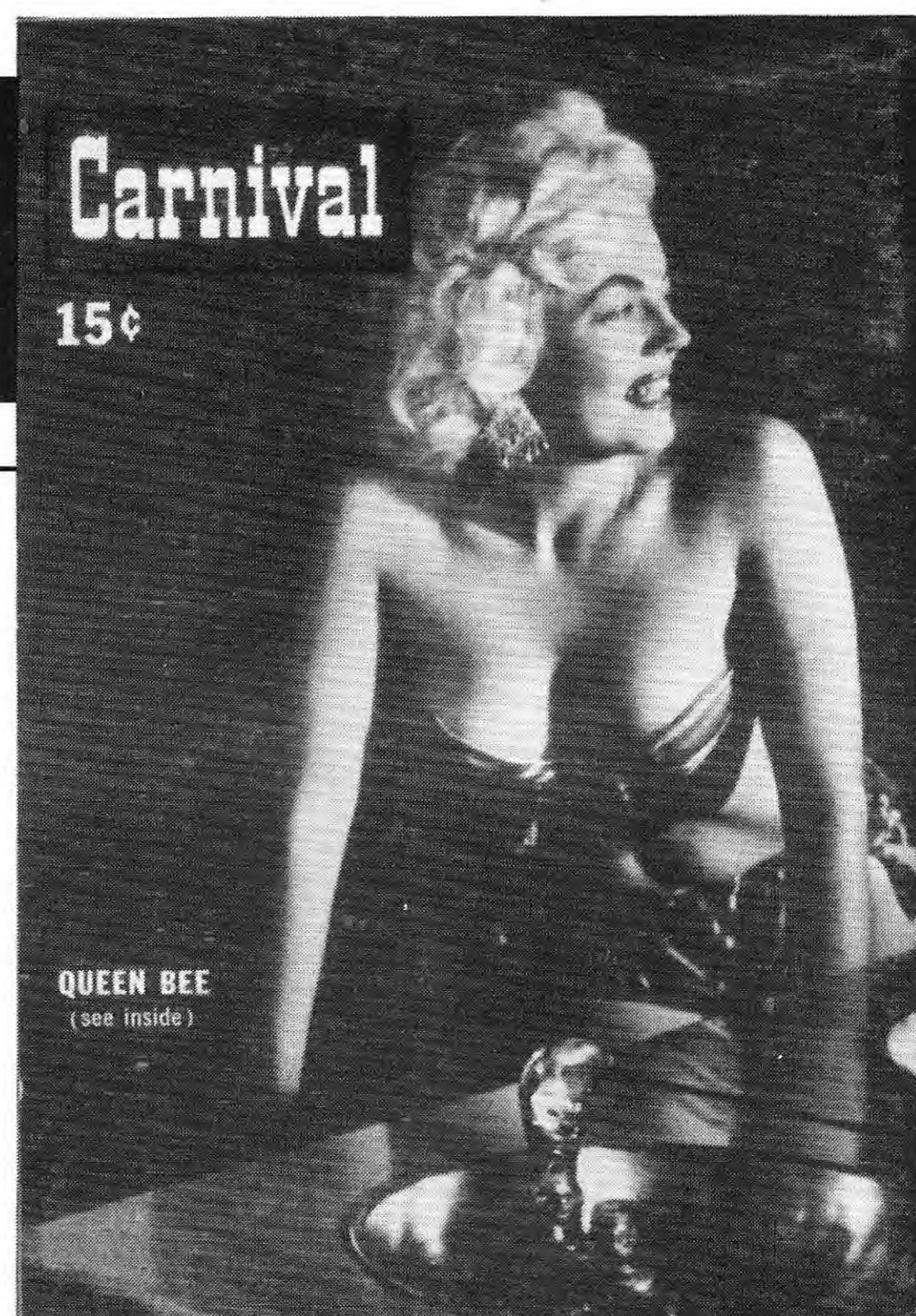
She died at age 44 in 1973 of coronary arrest.

Maria Stinger

Maria Stinger is unique among MM imitators: a figure model with no apparent aspirations to movie stardom, she capitalized on a resemblance to Marilyn to carve out a cheesecake career in men's mags. Most of the lower-tiered MM wannabes were strippers, but not Stinger. She was the mother of three, married to a painting contractor who apparently enjoyed having his wife known as "Miami's Marilyn Monroe."

With legendary Bunny Yeager, the pin-up model turned photographer, Stinger authored **GUIDE FOR THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S MODEL** (1963). Like Betty Page, Stinger was part of Bunny's Miami "stable" of models. With several other Yeager models (but not Page), Stinger did appear in at least one film, the Irving Claw-produced **GIRLS COME TOO** (1963), a/k/a **HOW I BECAME A NUDIST**, looking sadly fleshy and long in the tooth. But in her heyday, Stinger could look glowingly gorgeous.

According to Randall Riese and Neal Hitchens's **THE UNABRIDGED MARILYN**, Maria Stinger committed suicide at age 36, via a pill overdose, emulating Monroe one last time.



Arlene Hunter

Of all the pin-up models who made minor careers playing up a resemblance to Marilyn Monroe, none was more successful, in an odd way, than Arlene Hunter.

A prolific model in the men's magazines, particularly lower-rent ones, Hunter's facial structure and softly rounded figure did not just recall MM: they often got her outright mistaken for MM. Because pin-up mag covers were frequently not labeled with the model's name, encouraging misidentification, some Hunter layouts are uncanny in their evocation of early '50s Monroe.

The most notorious—if unintentional—example of the Marilyn confusion in Hunter's considerable cheesecake career is her soft-core porn "loop," **APPLES, KNOCKERS, AND THE COKE BOTTLE**, a/k/a **APPLES, KNOCKERS AND COKES**. A late '70s stag film compilation (**HOLLYWOOD BLUE**), still circulating, identifies the sexy young performer—Arlene Hunter—as "the real thing."

A number of her other softcore "loops" can be found on various volumes of Something Weird Video's **NUDIE CUTIES** series.

Dixie Evans

Whereas Arlene Hunter just naturally looked like Marilyn Monroe, Dixie Evans played up a modest resemblance by aping her make-up and speech. Evans was a popular fixture in the men's mags—particularly those that focused on strippers—and enjoyed a long career, sometimes in classy venues like the Waldorf-Astoria and living up to her billing: "The Marilyn Monroe of Burlesque."

Unlike most MM wannabes, Evans was an outright imitator. In her act, she would do strip routines to musical numbers Marilyn made famous, and she would refer to events in the star's life. After Marilyn's break-up with Joe DiMaggio, for example, Evans would tell an audience she still had Joe's balls...and would then kiss a pair of baseballs and hurl them into the crowd.

Unlike Monroe, Evans is a survivor. In the desert town of Helendale, between LA and Vegas, she runs a museum dedicated to burlesque and the art of striptease. Dixie herself, who has made several national daytime talk-show appearances in recent years, is tour guide of Exotic World—by appointment only.



Dixie Evans

A blonde charmer with a bouncy personality, this California miss is by now a fixture in Jersey burlesque dressing rooms. She's always sure to get a big hand from audiences who know her as "The Marilyn Monroe of Burlesque."

Stella Stevens

A rather late contender in the MM sweepstakes, Stella Stevens came closest, after Kim Novak, to establishing her own star persona. After Monroe's death in 1962, when the careers of her outright imitators like Van Doren and Mansfield began to career due to a morbid identification with a now-dead star, Stevens managed to carve out a considerable screen career. Perhaps intentionally, she seemed to mingle elements of Bardot with her basic MM look, making her seem less dated than Mamie and Jayne. And, of course, she was more talented than either.

Despite her baby-doll pout and the ability to achieve a vacant gaze, Stevens could project intelligence better than any sex symbol of the two eras she straddled. Genuinely sexy, the one-time PLAYBOY centerfold from Hot Coffee, Mississippi, made her first impression as Apassionata von Climax in the screen version of the Broadway musical LI'L ABNER (1959). Her star-making moment came when gloriously dopey hillbilly Abner asks the mistress of General Bullmoose if she "gets bed and board," to which nail-buffing Stella betty-boops, "Extremely."

One of her most memorable screen roles, though hardly demanding on her talents, was as Jerry Lewis's co-ed cutie in the comic masterpiece **THE NUTTY PROFESSOR** (1963); the moment when Professor Kelp undresses the fetching student in his imagination is comic eroticism at its best.

Her acting skills are better demonstrated in her sizzling pairing with Bobby Darin (a pop star who was also a real actor) in the underrated jazz melodrama **TOO LATE BLUES** (1962) and opposite Jason Robards in the Sam Peckinpah comic western, **THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE** (1970), a rare film in which two grown-ups are in love.

She continues to appear on TV and in films, and has never been shy about displaying her voluptuous figure; her PLAYBOY layout, at the height of her '60s career, was as bold a move as her figure was stunning. The year she turned fifty, she did a nude scene in the horror quickie **MONSTER IN THE CLOSET** (1986). She has also appeared with her actor son Andrew Stevens, who has become a "video-rental" star, in a series of sleazy, sexy, entertaining low-budget thrillers.

Stevens is not just a survivor. Though she never became the major star she could and should have been, she is one of the few sex symbols of any era whose career can be deemed a personal triumph. Perhaps the difference was her refreshingly self-assured attitude about her own pulchritude and sexuality—she never apologized for it, never played the victim, personally or professionally.

Stevens, apparently, had the inner strength that so many would-be Marilyns—and Marilyn herself—sadly lacked. ♦

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MAX ALLAN COLLINS is the author of thirty suspense novels, including the "Shamus"-award winning STOLEN AWAY (1991). He is a top writer in the comics field, having scripted such features as BATMAN, DICK TRACY, and MS. TREE.

He is also the author of POCKET PIN-UPS, a 36-card boxed set reproducing pin-up magazine covers of the '50s with bios on Betty Page, Lili St. Cyr, and many of the women discussed in this article, and PAINTED LADIES, a 36-card boxed set of classic calendar-girl images with artist bios. These Kitchen Sink Press card sets are \$10.95 each and can be ordered by calling 1-800-365-7465.



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low hi-fi



by alex simmons

Trashy-minded women love nothing more than the act of preserving their jaded voices for the gutters of posterity. Not satisfied with polluting the immediate time and vicinity with unsolicited rantings of sexual irresponsibility, these female proponents of physical squalor will use whatever technology is available to them to create vile audio documents, wretched recordings meant to ravage the brains of future generations who are lucky enough to be unfamiliar with the endless varieties of verbal filth that have soiled the headphones of history. More astounding than these wanton creatures' yen for immortality, however, is the number of sophisticated audiophiles who search high and low for these battered record albums, knowing that their grooves contain timeless encouragement for all patrons of lewd, indiscriminate behavior. In other words, these records are just about the coolest commodity any pervert could want for his dissolute amusement.

Welcome to my stimulating new column here in HIGHBALL magazine. I hope to bring you the facts about the most abnormal Long Playing record albums known to mankind. Some will be genuinely funny, others will be pathetic to the point of spiritual discomfort. Some will be raunchy as all hell, others will be so damned stupid that you'll want to scratch all known copies with an electric razor. Just the same, these records have one characteristic in common: they're the products of minds even more twisted than my own. So let's begin, shall we?

As I hinted at in my introduction, this month we'll be examining records whose sole selling point was the presumed nymphomania of the actresses, the "raconteuses," or the otherwise unemployed floozies whose likenesses appeared on the cover. Who were these overlooked but nevertheless enticing recording stars? God only knows. With the exception of one or two publicity-gorging celebrities, these anonymous women were intentionally vague, all-purpose party dates for several good-looking gentlemen who, by some freak accident, found themselves dateless on a Saturday night. Or on a Monday night. Or....you get the picture. Kind of like an inflatable doll on vinyl. Whether you believe it or not, men were expected to fondle themselves while listening to these records. Of course, this was at a time when lonely bachelors couldn't just pick up the telephone when they wanted to hear some bad actress moan and groan with half-assed horniness.

Let me say right off the bat, while you still have the opportunity to turn back, that there's something very wrong with these records. It's something that's quite simply not normal, even though I'm not sure how to adequately explain it. I've listened to each of the records reviewed here on numerous occasions, trying to determine why people went out and bought these things in the first place. All to no avail, however, and my mind still draws a blank. The scary part is that no matter how many times I play them, I'm unable to see any redeeming qualities whatsoever in either the disturbed content of the performances or the equally unsettling images on the covers. Maybe you can help.

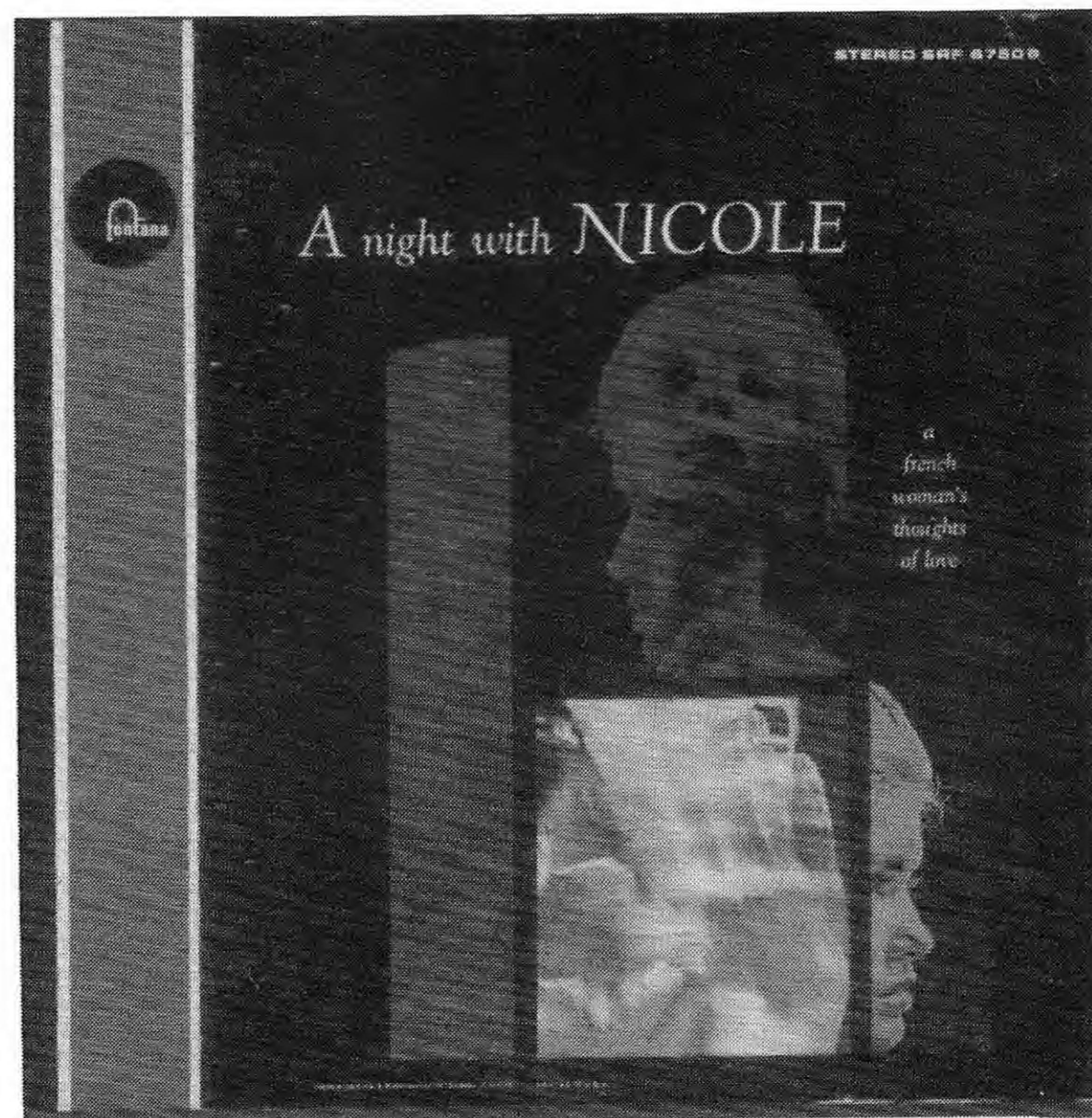
the erotic delights of lady c

ilone / fax records LP-1008

Here's one that's utterly pointless: THE EROTIC DELIGHTS OF LADY C. Apparently, a group of Supreme Court justices back in the

late Fifties decided that LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER, a book by D.H. Lawrence, was kind of smutty but not officially obscene. So, some genius record producer took advantage of this legal loophole and made a recording of the book's textual highlights using a woman named "Ilone" as the voice of Lady Chatterley. For those of you who don't know, Ilone is, according to the liner notes, "a sultry-voiced actress of great talent and beauty." Ilone is also very camera-shy, because there's no photograph to verify this nod to her appearance. Moreover, Ilone enjoys wearing lampshades on her head, something she apparently did with relish on the night before the recording session. This woman is more than hungover—she's still drunk. As far as her talent goes, Ilone can't tell the difference between speaking seductively and whispering inaudibly. "Softly he stroked the silky slope of my loins, down, down between m....." LAST CALL, ILONE! "Buttocks! Coming nearer and nearer to the very quick of me, and I felt him like a floo....." It's hopeless. Poor Ilone actually makes these shortcomings seem like skills when her attempt to simulate merriment is the sound of a muffled yawn. Ilone was last seen sprawled on her back in the recording studio, snoring artistically, with her arms crossed over the heaving mound of her chest and her fingers wrapped around the weather-beaten remains of an expired bus transfer.

* * * * *



a night with nicole: a french woman's thoughts on love
nicole / fontana records SRF67505

Now we move into the realm of the conspicuously foreign Nicole. A NIGHT WITH NICOLE: A FRENCH WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ON LOVE will make even the most stalwart aficionado of slime-orabilia examine his motives immediately. The kind-hearted promoters behind this travesty didn't feel the need to disguise their purposes behind some transparent veil of respectability. Instead, we have been given an unrepentant chronicle of a woman's attempts to find a boyfriend, a chore that has been made all the more difficult by the fact that she is both borderline psychotic and from France. Frantic, off-key harpsichord music on side one ushers in the raspy-voiced Nicole, who harbors the gravely mistaken belief that anything said in a French accent will automatically be of prurient interest. "Zo, my zecksee leetle man-flowurr, fine-ly you keese my leeps with your manlee arms squeeze me zo eegahrlee!" I'm getting nervous just thinking about her. Again, Nicole's appearance is kept secret, despite the very colorful photographic collages which grace the album's front and back covers. It's not that these pictures are out of focus or essentially non-descript; they just feature the faces of two very different women. The female pictured on the front appears frail and delicate with blonde, Scandinavian features, whereas the

photos on the back show a full-figured Amazon with black hair and bushy eyebrows. This ridiculous discrepancy may, in actuality, be a subtle clue to Nicole's acute case of schizophrenia.

Things go haywire once you drop the needle on side two. Nicole wants you to remember the other night when she was lying in bed next to you. You know, the night where you and Nicole got into that heated discussion about your chest hair and how could she envelop your teeny, tiny fanny in her large hands? Let Nicole refresh your memory. She said something to the effect of "Ooh, eet ees zuch playzeer to feel your leeps all ohvair zee zurface of my bodee! Ooh, keese me zair, ooh, ooh, zat's eet! Non! Keese me zair! Ooh!" In the background, we hear running water which quickly builds in volume until there's a deafening, synthesized splash. This is meant to imitate either waves crashing on the beach or the sound that a dishwasher makes when it's just starting up. In the meantime, Nicole refuses to get any better: "Ooh! Wee-wee! Keese me zair! Ooh! Non! Zair! ZAIR! WEE-WEE! ZAIR! NON! OOH!" Obviously, anyone displaying such threatening signs of mental illness would have been apprehended the minute she left the recording studio. Such publicity would have also been very damaging to the record company hoping to promote this person's product. Therefore, we can deduce that Nicole must have had a separate identity, not only because of her affliction, but for professional reasons as well. Who was Nicole's pedestrian alter ego? In case you haven't figured it out already, "Nicole" is "Ilone" spelled sideways.

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shakespeare, tchaikovsky, and me

jayne mansfield / mgm records SE-4204

Now for the genuine article: Jayne Mansfield's infamous recording. Look, you might as well just put your mind on the auction block before even attempting to listen to this intergalactic masterpiece. No one really knows for certain what prompted Jayne to make this record in the first place; a letter from the star herself on the back cover states, "I can think of no greater beauty than the reading of a Shakespeare sonnet with a background of Tchaikovsky's romantic and beautifully poetic music." We must have gone to the same writing academy. She continues, "It is like a great Broadway musical with words and music by the Masters. It is my wish and desire that you will enjoy listening to this album as much as I enjoyed doing it." Whoa.

So, Jayne reads beautifully romantic poetry with intermittent blasts of classical music punctuating her stanzas, but somehow the finished product has managed to take on a mutant quality all its own. Did you see Pasolini's popular motion picture **SALO: THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM?** Do you remember how those unstable old glamour-whores would glide down the staircase and sit next to the piano to tell their stomach-flopping sexual adventures as the hag at the piano played compositions by classical composers? (Like Tchaikovsky, for example?) You don't? All right, then, I'll try another way of describing the potency of Jayne's performance for you.

Pretend, as these recordings by lascivious female monologists already expect you to be, that you are an audience of one, sharing the company of, in this case, Jayne, who will serenade you with her selections of suggestive verse. Now prepare yourself for something completely unnatural.

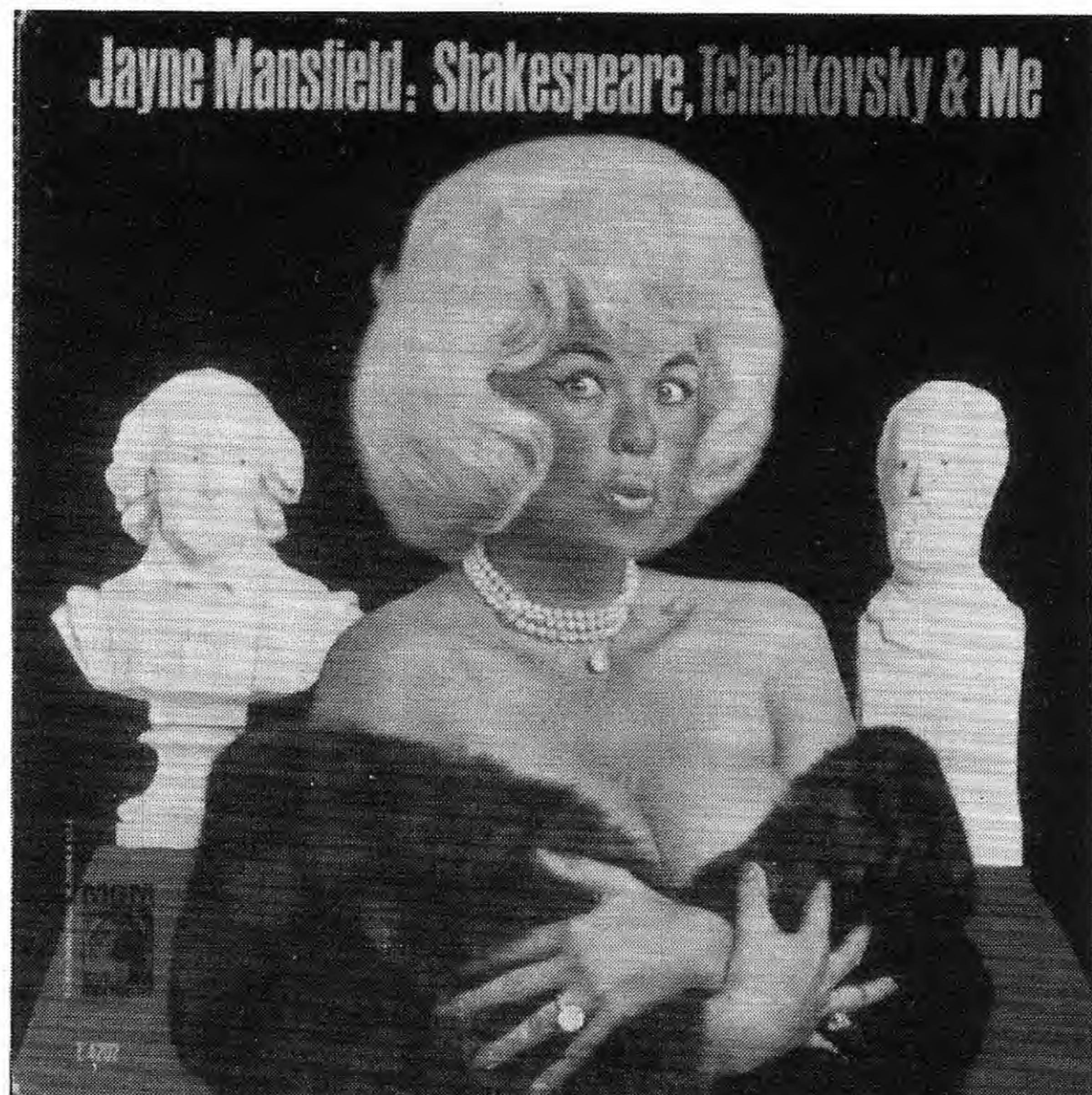
Jayne intends to begin her onslaught slowly, teasingly, as only she can. Imagine now that you've joined her in the intimacy of her home, eagerly anticipating the aforementioned evening of cadence, cocktails, and classical music. Always the perfect hostess, Jayne serves you some kind of fluffy pink drink decorated with two cherries on a red plastic toothpick. "How do I love thee?" Jayne muses, wandering around the living room and staring dreamily at the ceiling. Rather than have you think she's not fond of your

company, Jayne bursts into an impromptu exhibition of "The Twist," her favorite dance, and giggles, perhaps a bit too loudly, as she announces, "Colors seen by candlelight will not look the same by day!" Seeing that adorable look of surprise in your eyes, she runs over to the zebra-skin davenport where you're sitting and grabs your shoulders, wrenching you up and pressing her chest into your neck. With her lips only inches from your forehead, Jayne demands, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" Suddenly, she releases her grasp, and begins spinning around, wildly, madly, in a dervish-like frenzy, until she loses her balance and stumbles awkwardly against the beveled-mirror mantelpiece.

Still lying on the imitation bearskin rug where Jayne dropped you, you detect the sound of beads, no, of pearls, clattering onto the beige marble coffee-table with a syncopated pop-pop-popping noise like that of a tiny rapid-fire machine-gun. Jayne snarls, "Then my heart with pleasure fills and dances with the daffodils!" while ripping another strand of oyster-generated jewelry from her neck. Now panting with asthmatic hysteria, Jayne thrusts her clenched fists towards heaven, standing defiantly in her off-white puffy pompon bedroom slippers.

You weakly scramble to your feet, consumed with justified panic, only to realize that it may be too late. Jayne has already begun to stomp menacingly towards you, her black eyes blazing in rapturous fury: "Love me little, love me long! THIS is the burden of MY song!!" Jayne starts slapping your face with the palms of both hands simultaneously, battering the tender flesh of your cheeks with a brutal patty-cake-like repetition until the entire gilt-edged room starts to swirl with the lavender-blue spasms of your pain: "Dear! DEAR! What can the MATTER be?! DEAR, oh DEAR! What can the MATTER BE?!!" Jayne's voice booms like a chorus of howling banshees trapped for eternity in the blistering rotisseries of Hell. The last memory of your life on Earth is the image of Jayne, her monumental blonde hair sparkling with the diamonds of your tears, as she tosses you into a heart-shaped grave while whispering seductively, "Johnny's so long at the fair!"

Could anyone ask for more? Naturally, it goes without saying that such an orgasmic recording is not available on CD. Those digital buffoons have yet another oversight to add to their voluminous list of imperfections. As of this writing, **SHAKESPEARE, TCHAIKOVSKY, AND ME** can only be found on vinyl, that veritable vestige of variety and the audio stronghold for freedom of choice. Beware, I say, beware of the deadly emotional de-sensitization indigenous to the climate-controlled wasteland of compact discs. But I've made my point. I've had my day in the sun, now it's your turn to shine. I leave you then with these words of wisdom: "If you always be good to yourself, Your Self will always be good to you." You do understand, don't you? ♦



skin scan



and when she was bad...

gary graver/ private screenings/ 1973

It's always a pleasant surprise when the producers of a twisted sex film exhibit more than just a passing knowledge of the mental illness outlined in their script. Such is the case with **AND WHEN SHE WAS BAD...**, another Seventies trash opus that goes above and beyond the call of deranged duty by transforming a more or less mundane idea into a fiercely unwholesome motion picture.

This is the story of Ken and Rita, two jaded swingers whose turbulent "open relationship" has just about run its carefree course. The once fashionable arrangement of shacking up now threatens to ignite the sort of bitter feuding usually displayed by couples trapped by the suffocating ties of matrimony. Ken fears commitment, and Rita fears spinsterhood, leading to an anxiety-ridden climate that's only complicated by the ensuing visit of Sharon, Ken's teenage stepdaughter.

Complicated is putting it mildly. You see, Sharon was Ken's stepdaughter "temporarily"; Ken only remained married to her mother for two alcohol-clouded years. We see a moment of this unfortunate union illustrated in the film's bizarre opening sequence. Ken and a wild-eyed blonde woman are rolling naked on a creaky double bed, sloppily groping one another and laughing with drunken hysteria. Whiskey flows endlessly into their two ice-stuffed goblets, and their frantic contortions suggest anything but romance.

"Fuck me, Ken, fuck me!" squeals the delirious woman, gyrating on her knees and fondling the tresses of her badly-dyed hair. The equally plastered Ken, somehow amused by her antics, snickers lewdly while wiping the saliva off his chin with the bedspread.

In the next room, while a movie projector cranks away in the darkness, an expressionless little girl sits mesmerized by a flickering Betty Boop cartoon. Ridiculous slapstick movie music soon overwhelms the soundtrack, clashing conspicuously with the intoxicated giggles coming from the bedroom. Who is this child staring bitterly at the screen in front of her? We sense that her obvious rage stems not only from her parents' debauchery, but from the insipid cartoons which fail to make her smile. Suddenly, this morbid tableau fades to a title card reading "Ten Years Later," and we join the present-day couple of Ken and Rita as they start the morning in their claustrophobic shared bathroom.

Rita, looking a little hungover, sits morosely on the john smoking a cigarette. Ken, admiring himself while shaving, cheerfully asks if he can borrow her car for the day.

"Sure, just help yourself," Rita barks. "The keys are in my purse. You know, where you usually go to get money?" You couldn't cut the tension with a chain saw.

"What's your problem, Rita?" Ken asks, still smiling at his reflection. "If you're not happy here you can always move out." This is my house, remember, but you'll be able to find the front door without any directions from me."

"Not before I take you for everything you've got, you overgrown

gigolo. I'm getting sick and tired of being known as your 'mistress' just because I go down on you without a marriage license." Rita spits a cloud of smoke towards the sink.

"I'm not ready to get married again, Rita, after my agonizing divorce, you know that." Ken really thinks he's cute. "Or maybe you'd prefer it if tonight I decided to masturbate at bedtime."

"Great idea, Lord knows you've been getting enough practice lately." Ken knicks himself with the razor as Rita coughs with delight. She continues, "Listen closely, Romeo, I want you to pick up that little bitch at the train station, buy her a hamburger, and send her back where she came from." Rita then throws her cigarette in the toilet and gracefully stumbles into the kitchen for a beer.

Cut to Union Station where Ken paces nervously, carrying Rita's oversized floral handbag. Amid the raucous noise of the railways, a sultry voice purrs, "My, what a lovely purse you have, sir."

Ken spins around and there stands Sharon. Boy, does she ever. Sharon epitomizes the concept of corrupt Seventies sensuality. She's like the alcoholic teenager Linda Blair crossed with the runaway prostitute Jan Brady, wearing the kind of clothes you'd have to Go Ask Alice about. Yes, Sharon descends like the patron saint of Bad Attitude. The chilling effect of this moment was obviously planned with great care by the filmmakers, because after this unforgettable introduction, the movie follows Sharon in an almost hallucinogenic chronicle of pubescent destruction.

Sharon wastes no time in demonstrating the powers of her nubile charisma and quickly abandons Ken for a lascivious stroll down Hollywood Boulevard. Wiggling her behind with shameless abandon, Sharon delights in the stares she receives from the horny scumbags lurking in and out of the sidewalk shadows. Her teasing performance comes to a chaotic end, however, when she bounces a bit too provocatively in front of an adult bookstore. A fat man clutching a bag of donuts runs out of the store after her, terrifying the poor lass in an apparent attempt to fondle her breasts without dropping his cherished pastries. Sharon manages to jump aside as the chubby lecher lunges at her, sending the pitiful slob crashing to the pavement in a sea of donuts and peep show tokens. Do you think such an unfortunate experience will teach her to be more careful in the future?

Sharon continues on her rampage of promiscuity back at the home front, where she surprises Rita, who's smoking a cigarette in the shower. Before Rita has a chance to take a single puff, Sharon slithers naked into the stall and pushes a sponge in Rita's face, asking, "Would you like to scrub my back?" Rita, annoyed that Sharon's body has caused the water to splash up and douse her cigarette, gives her a look of disbelief and goes to find some place where she can smoke in peace.

Of course, in the midst of all this kidding around, we realize that Sharon is actually a very brain-damaged young lady. When Ken and Rita make their special kind of love at night, Sharon listens carefully in the next room, her blank eyes staring at the television where Bob Barker encourages the nation to come on down. Then, for no apparent reason, she starts calling Rita her dearest friend in the entire world. Rita continues to ignore her, so Sharon concocts some story about Ken making obscene overtures "towards me! His own stepdaughter!" on those rare occasions when Rita passes out drunk in the living room. Although this complaint gives Rita a little pause for concern, the fact remains that Sharon makes life around the house too abnormal for anyone to think clearly. So, Rita suggests that Ken take her to Las Vegas for the weekend, and when they check into the casino, Rita lights a cigarette and tells Ken everything about Sharon's zany behavior.

Whiz Kid Ken, who had originally meant to admonish Rita for not inviting Sharon on their weekend getaway, has the nerve to look surprised and question the veracity of Rita's allegations. He's in for an even greater surprise when he tries phoning his

ex-wife/Sharon's mother for a reasonable explanation regarding Sharon's disruptive tendencies. It's a good thing Rita packed plenty of cigarettes.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Sharon celebrates her weekend alone by sitting in the house with all the lights turned off. Outside, we see a suspicious man in a business suit use a credit card to pick the lock on the outer gate. He approaches the house quietly, and, when he reaches the front door, he begins ringing the doorbell incessantly enough to drive anyone out of her skull. Sharon answers the door in her underwear, and when this peculiar man identifies himself as a traveling Bible salesman, she rips off her bra and asks him if he likes girls. As he's righteously declaring that she's possessed by the devil, Sharon pulls him inside and soon the two are making passionate love on the floor, their glowing bodies silhouetted by the dancing flames in the fireplace. Although this entire episode admittedly comes from somewhere out in left field, the whole thing generates a kind of pleasant sexiness, except for the fact that, as the two roll around engulfed in the throes of unbridled lust, Sharon keeps on rolling closer and closer to the fireplace....

And then she was horrid. My, what a movie this is. **AND WHEN SHE WAS BAD...** is that unique sort of motion picture that lies on the ground in front of you just asking to be noticed. It's the kind of film that's waiting for you after a hard day's work, holding your slippers and a rolled-up newspaper. That rare, indescribable category of filmmaking that calls you on the phone and asks if your refrigerator's running, or, more accurately, that calls you anything but late for dinner. It's that once-in-a-lifetime kind of experience that...oh, the hell with it. **alex simmons**

evil come, evil go

walt davis/ private screenings/ 1972

One of the most peculiar efforts to emerge from the unrepentant Seventies was the sexual psycho-farce **EVIL COME, EVIL GO**. The film stars hillbilly redhead Cleo O'Hara, who had already appeared in numerous "Adults Only" features under the name of Amber Lee. Although several of these films boast twisted subplots and excessive violence, none could compare with the outrageous antics indulged in by the characters of **EVIL COME, EVIL GO**. O'Hara plays Sarah Jane, a buxom, middle-aged temptress who has a slight problem with the male of the species. So intense is this sexist enmity, in fact, that she believes the Lord above has given her special instructions to completely rid the world of "evil men, with their sweet-talkin' lies and horny cheatin' ways. Evil they be—so now they must die." Humming along with the inspirational hymns piped through her car radio, she slithers into one of many truck-stop cocktail lounges and picks up the first man stupid enough to buy her a drink. The two retire to a motel room, and after some choice crotch-shot wrestling, we see the trucker's mutilated carcass floating on the blood-drenched bedspread. Still humming away, Sarah Jane completes this grisly scene by writing Bible verses on the cracked mirror with her lipstick. Although we never receive an explanation for her capricious actions, our devout deviant cheerfully reminds us that "the Lord works in mysterious ways," which provides more than enough justification as far as I am concerned.

Sarah Jane ultimately lands in the Cauldron of Carnality, the notorious Hollywood, California. Proving that the Lord had gifted her with more than just beauty, she begins playing an extremely large accordion while standing in front of the landmark Chinese Theatre. "Listen to me, before it's too late!" she screams to the bewildered tourists. "My name is Sarah Jane and I am against pleasurable sex!" She reveals a downright catchy theme for this impromptu performance: "No more sex for pleasure! Only making babies! Animals of the forest don't have sex for pleasure and neither should you!" Just look at that crowd gather!

Sarah Jane is on a roll. "Give me money now! Help me to do the Lord's work and eliminate pleasurable sex!" A rather heavy-set young woman reaches into her pocketbook and gives Sarah Jane a ten-dollar bill. "Bless you, sister, bless you! This intelligent lady understands my mission from above! Hear my words, the rest of you sinners! Stop pleasurable sex before it stops you!" Sarah Jane squeezes her groaning accordion and bursts into a chorus of "Bringing in the Sheaves," and all the pedestrians stare in admiration at this multitalented lunatic.

A bit later that day, Sarah Jane encounters the generous young woman again at a hot dog stand. The somewhat pudgy but nonetheless pretty contributor introduces herself as Penny, and she invites Sarah Jane home with her since the latter's car has been towed by the police department. As it turns out, Penny can also live without the burden of men because she enjoys being a lesbian. Sarah Jane commends Penny on her wisdom and then noisily slurps down a nearby bottle of wine. "It's mentioned in the Bible for medicinal purposes," Sarah Jane reminds the startled Penny, who obviously finds her new house guest appealing in a way that can only be described as Biblical.

Now mildly sloshed, Sarah Jane gurgles that the time has come to initiate Penny into the Holy Order of Women Against Evil Men. "Do you have any scarves?" Sarah Jane asks with impatience; while Penny's back is turned, she quickly tosses some loose silverware into her purse. "Good, good, Sister Penny, now lie on the bed while I blindfold you, because then I must tie your body securely to the mattress."

"Whatever for, Sister Sarah?" inquires the uneasy Penny, now blinded by fabric.

"It's, uh, symbolic, of course," answers Sarah, temporarily distracted by Penny's jewel box. After stuffing some loose jewelry into her purse, Sarah Jane pounces on the securely tied Penny. "Now, Penny," Sarah Jane whispers as she slices off Penny's clothes with her switchblade, "now I must tell you about all the men I have killed." Penny responds with a passionate moan of approval.

As you can plainly see, **EVIL COME, EVIL GO** is a delightful motion picture. The story only becomes more unhealthy as Penny and Sarah Jane join forces and assault the purveyors of excessive lust with their double dose of murderous retribution. These unstable women respect no limits in their sanctimonious rampage, shredding to pieces everyone from a society bachelor to Penny's jealous lesbian girlfriend. While the ending of the film has fallen under harsh criticism, primarily because it suggests the filmmakers simply ran out of money, this fact can be easily overlooked by the discriminating viewer. Indeed, even though the abruptness of the finale seems somewhat disappointing, the conclusion still reveals a wicked philosophy that prevents a casual dismissal on the part of the audience. A buried treasure if there ever was one, **EVIL COME, EVIL GO** will amuse even the most demanding connoisseur of abominable entertainment. **alex simmons**

the adult version of jekyll and hide

1. ray monde/ something weird/ 1971

One of the most eagerly awaited of Something Weird Video's line of David F. Friedman's sexploitation titles, **THE ADULT VERSION OF JECKYLL AND HIDE** was finally released last year. Was it worth the wait? Well, yes and no. Let's face it, **AVJH** is one of those elusive titles which has held the interest of those curious and uninhibited who were sold and who swallowed ample servings of "sizzle" about this "tale of hex and sex". After finally being served the main course, however, I can safely say that **AVJH** is one of the coldest and toughest steaks to come off of Friedman's otherwise trusty grill. Friedman himself has



commented that **AVJH** was moderately successful in terms of the box office, but certainly not the money-maker that EVI's earlier films had been. After seeing the no-man's-land that the film is trapped in, I can see why not. The audience for this, as for any other softcore quickie, goes for the girls and sex, and in 1971-2 why pay to see the same old simulated nonsense when Bill Osco's **MONA** or Alex de Renzy's **HISTORY OF THE BLUE MOVIE**—finally giving a large part of the sex-film audience what it was comming for—was playing down the street? Furthermore, the sex in **AVJH** was still too strong for a rating other than "X," cutting off the teenage market which would have been sold on the picture's horror and violence. Finally, the fact that the picture is awful doesn't help much!

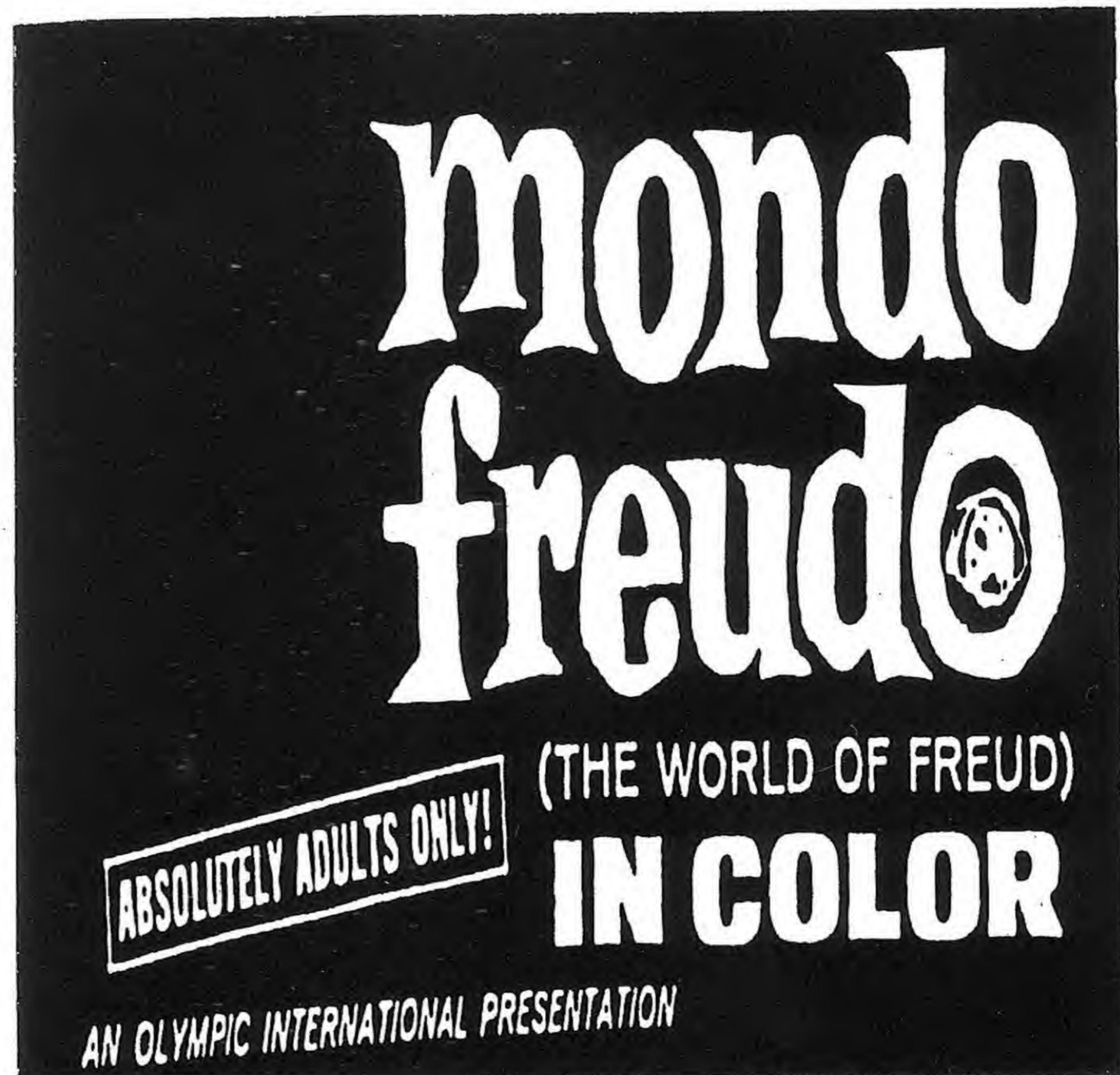
After killing an elderly antique dealer to get his hands on Dr. Jeckyll's scientific notebook, the otherwise calm and rational Dr. Chris Leader takes a break from cheating on his fiancée with his receptionist to perform his own experiments following Jeckyll's directions. Playing all three roles of Leader, as well as Jeckyll and Hyde in flashback, Jack Buddliner is absolutely boring. Instead of making the best of a bad situation and acting all out, Buddliner remains in monotone throughout **AVJH**, and his idea of portraying the degenerate Hyde is to exaggerate a limp and slightly lower his voice. While watching **AVJH**, my constant thought was "what could a virtuoso ham like Harry Reems have done with this lead role?" It's too bad that Harry was on the East Coast doing his own share of softcore atrocities, because the lead role was tailor-made for Reems's inimitable style of Vaudevillian eyerolling and overacting; we'll leave this thought in the wishful thinking department!

After successfully completing the experiments and downing the formula, Leader is at first horrified to discover that he has been transformed into a stunning blonde, but is soon delighted when he realizes that as Ms. Hide he can act out his murderous fantasies without connecting his male identity to them in any way. Unfortunately for Leader/Hide, the usual rumpled detective does stumble onto his trail, and in the (anti)climactic showdown Hide plunges out of a window, only to revert to Dr. Leader upon her death.

The movie does pick up during the Ms. Hide sequences, but the primary objective of the film is to lead the viewer down the path of the various sexual variations found in the softcore sex film. If any of the couplings can be deemed erotic, the highlight is the lesbian encounter between Hide and the oversexed receptionist, played by 70s porno star René Bond, who is in fact the best and

most enjoyable performer in the film, displaying both an exuberance and sensuality missing from just about everyone else during the overlong grope sessions. The infamous castration scene is in fact quite hilarious (and worth the wait). Hide picks up a drunken sailor and, after fucking him in an alley, gives him a quick hand-job before cutting off his dick and holding it aloft as her victim screams in pain and horror. Who ever said that art had to be pretty?

According to Friedman, co-director B. Ron Elliot's ego and inability to get things done led to Lee Raymond stepping in and finishing the thing off. Still, the combined efforts of the two men equals a complete lack of talent when compared to an exploitation director like R.L. Frost, whose low-budget 60s and 70s sleaze output still warrants viewings in the 90s. As for the adult softcore sex-and-violence combo, Friedman realized that EVI was starting to beat a dead horse and, like his rival Bob Cresse at Olympic International, moved into the realm of R-rated drive-in fare and the occasional hardcore effort. *erik sulev*



mondo freudo

r. lee frost/ something weird/ 1966

Director Lee Frost is an experienced hand low-budget exploitation film-making, whether it be 60s roughies and sexploitation (the excellent **THE DEFILERS**, **HOT SPUR**, and **LOVE CAMP 7**), 70s blaxploitation (the twin guilty pleasures **THE BLACK GESTAPO** and **THE THING WITH TWO HEADS**), or as in this case the mondo film explosion of the 60s following the success of **MONDO CANE**. While **MONDO FREUDO** is competently directed, and most of the (heavily dated) sequences are amusing despite their questionable authenticity, it, like most of the mondo exposés, serves more as a curious relic from exploitation's past than as the timeless display of shock value that it once purported to be.

MONDO FREUDO starts off weakly as the production crew secretly sets up infrared lenses to capture various lustful encounters on a California beach as "night washes away the mask of modesty." Little more than an uninteresting peep-show, the only purpose of these staged encounters is to supply the requisite T&A shots for the sexploitation crowd. Come to think of it, that's all **MONDO FREUDO** is, so if you're searching

for gross shocks and rituals then you'd best look elsewhere, since the film is more mundane than mondo. If this was 1966, and you rarely got to see this sex on the big screen, you'd probably think a lot of **MONDO FREUDO** was hot stuff, but it's hard to imagine who would be turned on by it today.

We then travel to England as the crew drools over the prostitute billboard where all the adverts appear to be written by the same person, probably by producer Bob Cresse himself, judging from their S&M slant! After choosing two swinging lesbian hookers for an interview that tries to be hip but falls flat on its face, the camera—not surprisingly—is quickly shut off as the interviewer finds out what the girls will do for sixty quid!

Returning to the States for a series of mondo staples—those weird and wacky American youth, and the even weirder Bohemian lifestyle of beatnik artists—Cresse and Frost continue to foist the implausible upon the audience, ranging from an Oriental club where the kids dance the "Kabuki," to an artist of questionable talent whose body prints of his young nude models sell to an audience of decrepit, ogling men for ten to fifty dollars. Nothing shocking here, folks, even when we're swept to Tijuana where poor village girls are sold in slave-trade auctions. Interestingly enough, this "secretly filmed" footage reveals that the girls appear to be quite happy to be sold into prostitution or as sex slaves, as they parade their wares for the hidden camera lens. Then, to really spice things up, we jet off to NYC to a Puerto Rican black mass—probably the only black mass where the naked participants and the sacrificial virgin get to keep their panties on! Not surprisingly, the crew leaves before the defilement of Satan's virgin bride occurs, once again protecting the audience from sights too horrible to behold.

Cresse's involvement in the picture then takes a front seat as he and Frost interview a couple of hookers in Manhattan from their car. Clearly, the only person excited by the whole affair is Cresse as he asks what his money will get him, until he can't stand it anymore and asks a bewildered hooker if she likes getting beaten up! With S&M fantasies dancing in Cresse's head we then go to his ideal romantic nightspot in Japan, which specializes in S&M stageshows for its adoring audience. Before we end our voyage at the beach where we started, it's off to Berlin to witness female mud wrestling at the Heidelberg Club.

MONDO FREUDO is a fairly smooth ride for a film that claims that it consists of "scenes too real for the immature," and is definitely not Frost's best picture (nor Cresse's, for that matter), not by a long shot. As mondo films go, it's decidedly average, even for an audience that hasn't seen it all. Still, it's a good example of how producers tried to sell exploitation to the public when trends like the cutie and the roughie had nearly run their course. Despite its lackings, the film does have its own peculiar charm, appearing fairly naive and innocent in its own self-imposed world of decadent lusts and cheap thrills. **erik sulev**

the toy box

ron garcia/ something weird/ 1971

This oddity deserves the distinction of being one of the strangest softcore efforts. Appropriately enough, **THE TOY BOX** was distributed by Harry Novak's company, Box Office International, an outfit that was no stranger to productions that deviated from the usual cut-and-paste plot lines contained in countless adult productions. In fact, the very weirdness of the film is its saving grace, disguising a very low budget, awful acting, and ugly people (excepting, of course, the always-welcome presence of Uschi Digart (billed as Karen Hutt in the opening credits).

Simply stated, the plot centers on Donna and Ralph, two free-living swingers who make their living staging elaborate sex shows for an eccentric recluse known only as "Uncle." Writer and

director Garcia introduces us to the pair via a flashback detailing Donna's loss of innocence thanks to a vibrator given to her by Ralph. More embarrassing than erotic, thanks to some unbelievable "hot" dialogue, Donna's introduction to the decadent world of Uncle sets the stage for far stranger sexual episodes.

All of the guests who have arrived at Uncle's mansion are under the impression that Uncle has died and that they are performing for his wake, giving the geriatric voyeur's corpse a final glimpse of their kinky displays. Unbeknownst to them, however, Uncle is really an alien from the planet Arkon, where human brains are sold illegally as a highly potent intoxicant; only brains that have lived a debauched lifestyle have any effect on the Arkonians—thus the necessity for the bizarre sex shows. One of the first shows features the delectable Digart getting molested by her bed before being decapitated. We then move on to a lusty drive-in encounter which leads to another bloody murder, but still the strangest one has got to be the necrophiliac butcher and his two "sides of beef." Removing one of the cold women from a meathook to give her the "tenderizer treatment," he lays her on his block, pumps away at the beaver filet, and in between some poorly overdubbed grunts of pleasure speaks the immortal words, "just about into your womb, ain't it?" Before long, the other woman, miffed about being left out of the action, lowers herself down and plunges a cleaver into the butcher's back. To further complicate matters, however, it is revealed that the deaths are faked for Uncle's pleasure, so that he will reward the participants from his treasure chest, affectionately known as the "Toy Box." Events twist yet again when Donna reveals that she is really Uncle, traps Ralph as her clueless pet forever, and the mansion blasts off to a new location in search of new brains but killing all the revelers trapped inside in the process.



Don't get the idea, however, that **THE TOY BOX** is a rollercoaster ride of raunch. Although the dry-humping is fairly explicit by softcore standards, and the mix of sex, violence, and science fiction help offset the fact that the film is yet another cluster of sexual encounters, the direction is so hackneyed, the actors so inept (except for Uschi, of course!), and the plot so lackadaisically paced that the viewer's interest is only held by the inanity of the whole film! It's safe to say that Ron Garcia wanted to avoid making yet another typically boring sex film, and even though he's created the strangest story line to surround the requisite set of clichéd sex encounters, **THE TOY BOX** remains a weird but ultimately boring film. After sitting through this one, you'll feel as if your brain has been whisked off to Arkon. **erik sulev**



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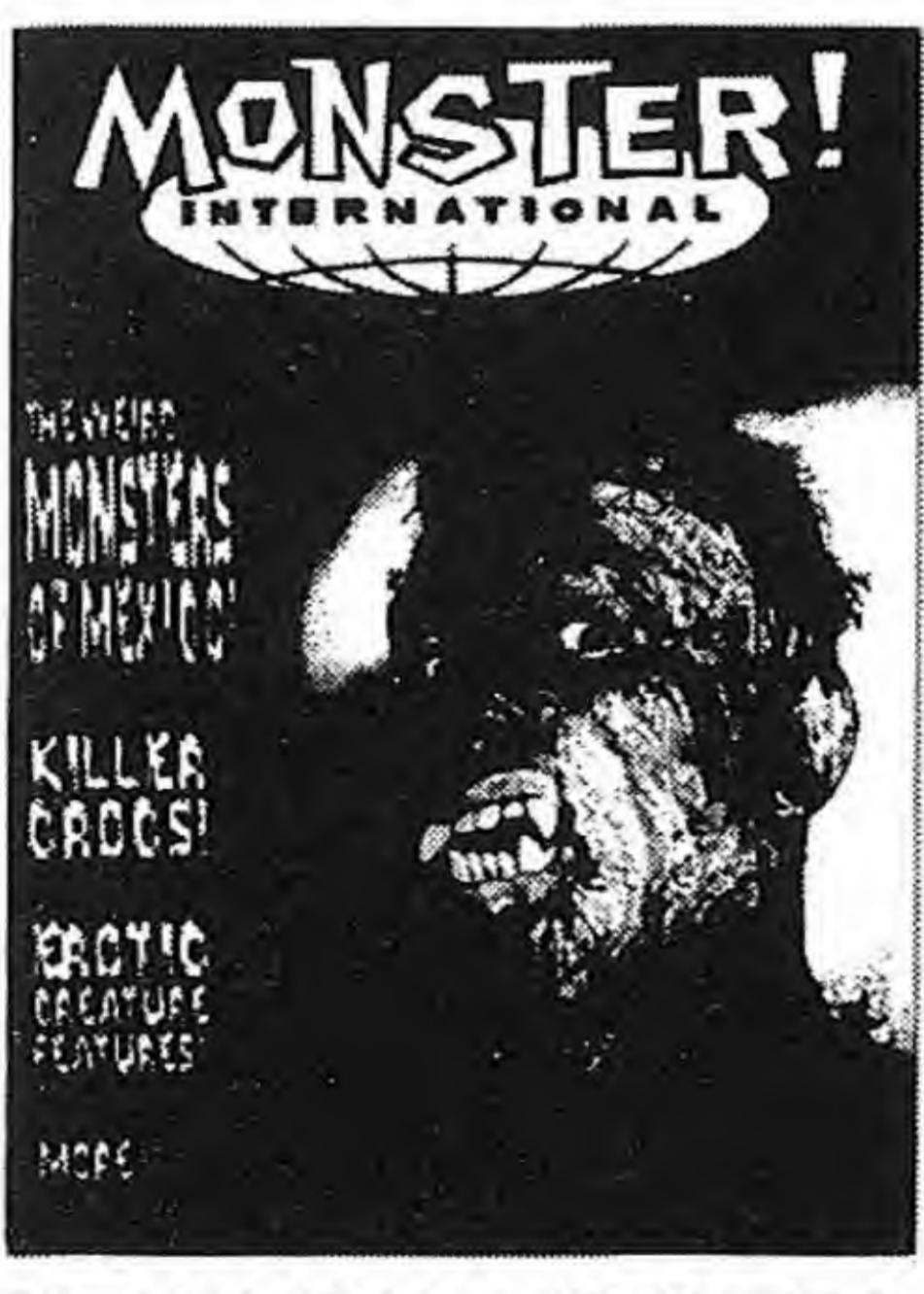
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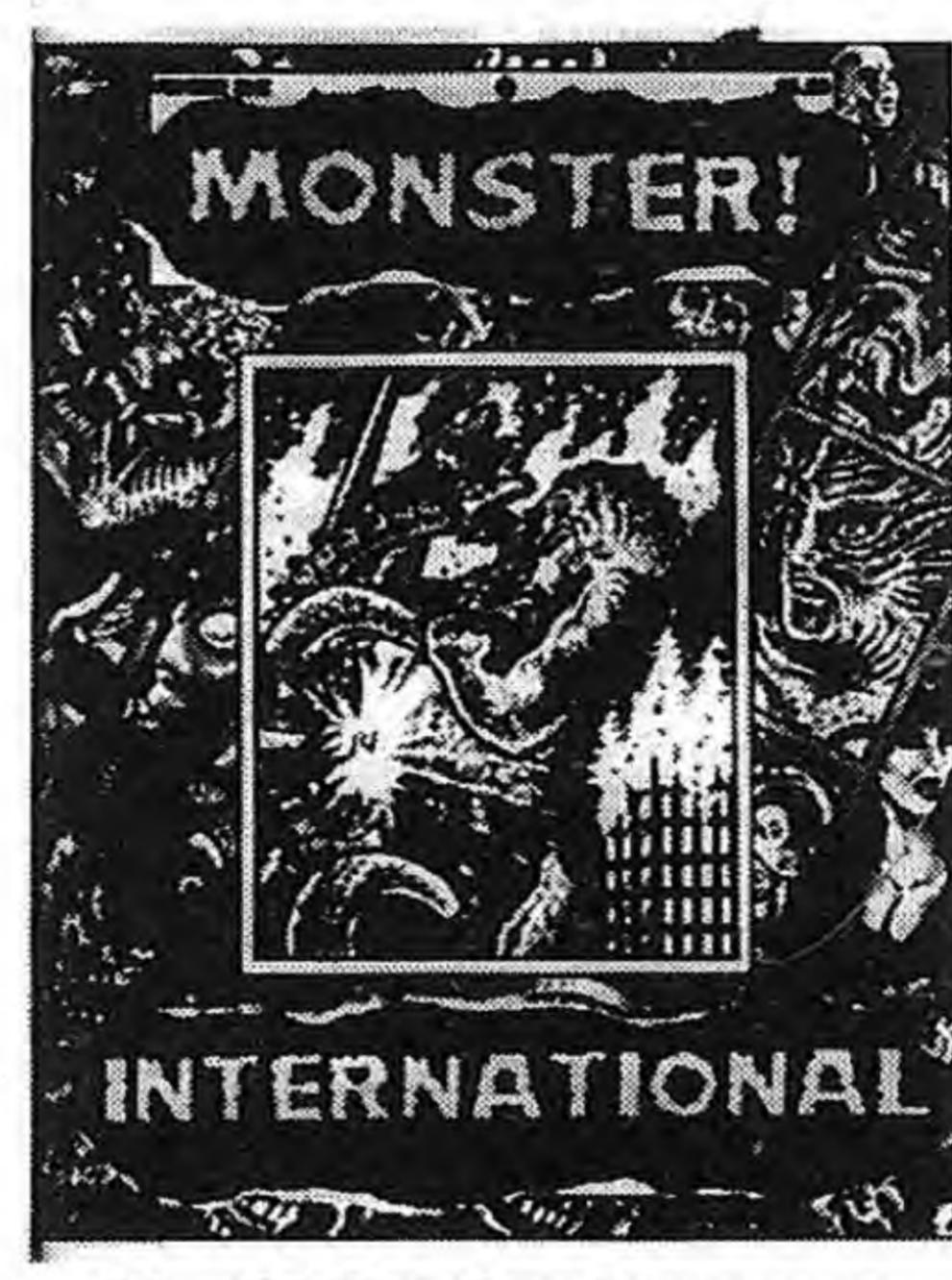
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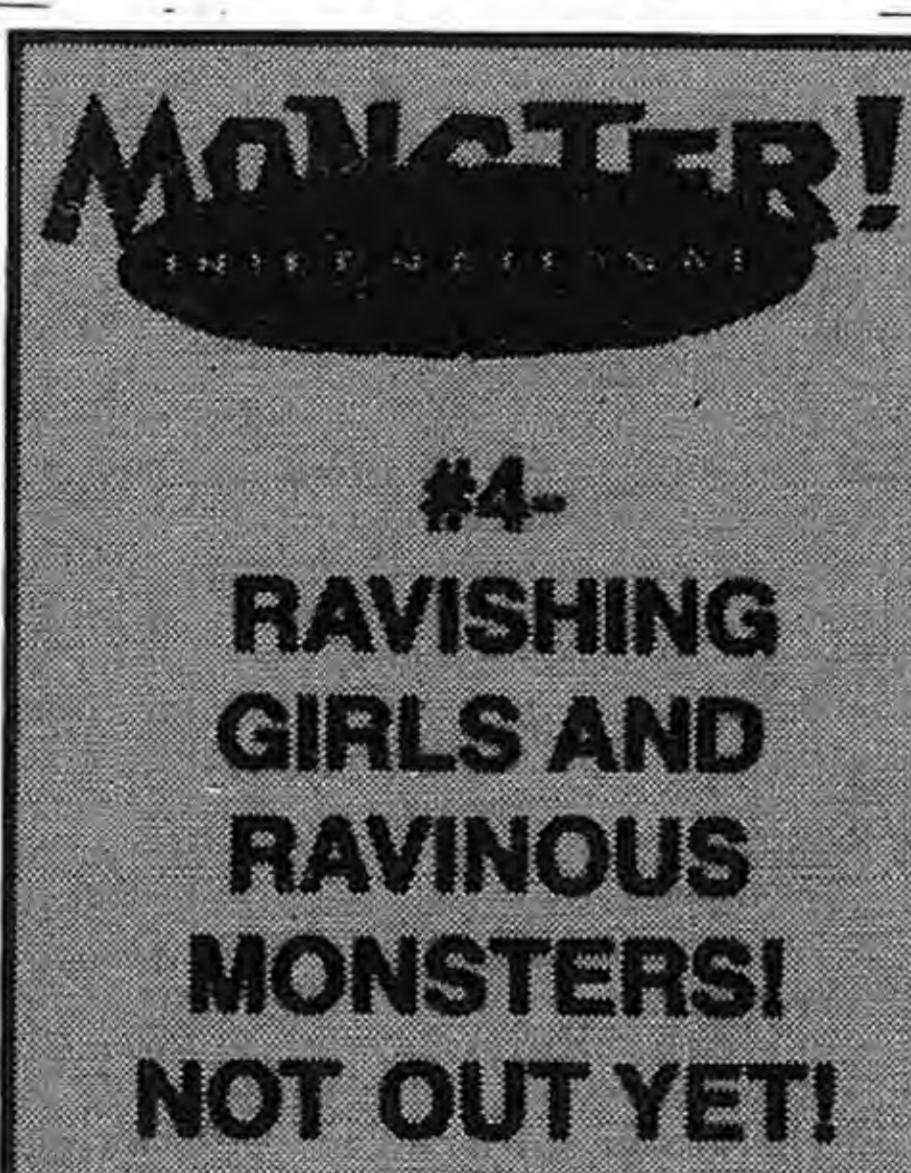
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